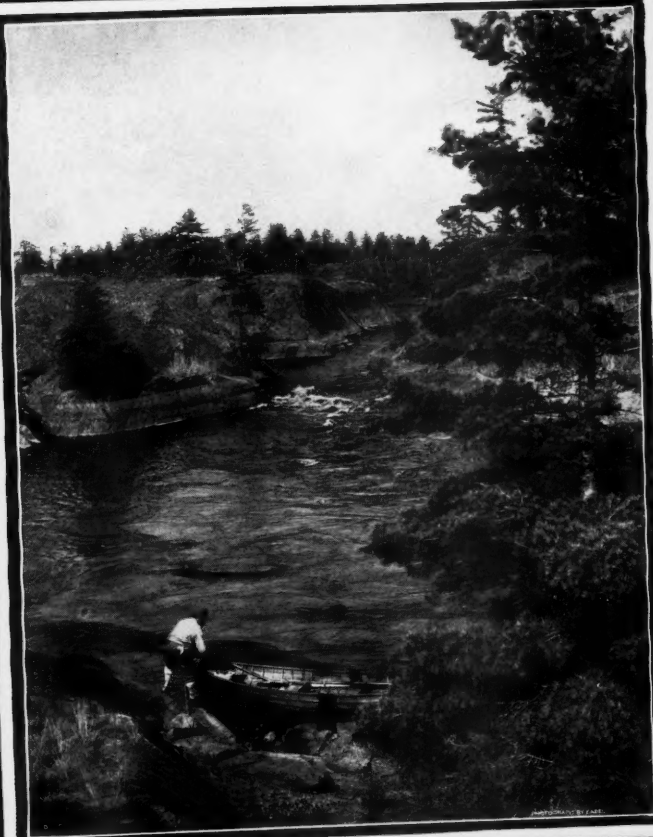


THE DENTAL DIGEST



JUNE 1926


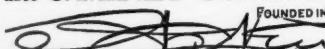

VOL. XXXII, No. 6

EDITED BY
GEORGE WOOD CLAPP, D.D.S.
PUBLISHED BY
THE DENTISTS' SUPPLY CO.
CANDLER BLDG. TIMES SQUARE
220 WEST 42ND ST. NEW YORK.

Vacation Time!



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THE DENTAL DIGEST

GEORGE WOOD CLAPP, D.D.S., EDITOR

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OUR COVER THIS MONTH

"What is so rare as a day in June?" asked the poet. Answer—THIRTY DAYS! We'll bet that poet never imagined anybody could guess it so quickly—just like that! As a matter of fact, why not name the entire thirty days of June the rarest and most delightful of the year? June starts the human sap running, which soon buds into vacations, golf links, and pleasant journeys to the great outdoors. June is the month of roses, the joytime of the birds, the first sure step into the good old summertime.

Our COVER PICTURE shows how solicitous a dentist can be to get his basket of "bait" parked in the safest spot in the boat before venturing into the wobbly currents of the river. Evidently it is going to be a day when a lot of fish will say goodbye to their watery homes and families. Indeed, the whole picture is suggestive of the joyous contents of this June issue of The Dental Digest, and we are sure every article will be read with interest and pleasure by all who appreciate the value and benefit of a summer playtime.

Pyorrhea

In the treatment of pyorrhea, the constant flow of pus presents one of the most difficult and disagreeable features the dentist has to contend with.

It is the source of reinfection, and it is present in such quantities that it interferes with his work, and during the intervals between office visits it destroys much that he accomplishes in the chair.

To destroy pus, to check its flow and to destroy the organisms responsible for it, DIOXOGEN is very widely employed.

A preliminary rinsing of the mouth with diluted DIOXOGEN gives a clear field for survey and operation and checks the flow, and its frequent use at home by the patient, preserves the work accomplished in the chair.

DIOXOGEN is a solution of hydrogen peroxide; it is very much purer, very much stronger, and far nearer being neutral than required by the U. S. P.

DIOXOGEN quality recommends it for dental uses, and to those dentists not familiar with DIOXOGEN, a sample for comparison will gladly be sent.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
59 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE DENTAL DIGEST

Vol. XXXII

JUNE, 1926

No. 6

The Call of the Wild

By Claude Smith, D.M.D., Leavenworth, Washington

Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what
 luck betide us,
Let us journey to a lonely land I know;
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a
 star agleam to guide us,
And the wild is calling, calling—let us go!

—Service.

Long had the red gods been calling and on the third day of July we hearkened to their beckoning. We responded with pack



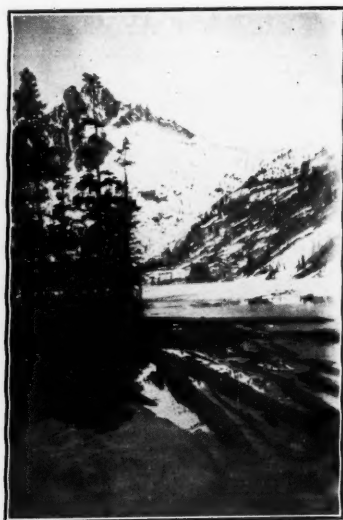
Mountains near Snow Lakes, Wenatchee
National Forest, Washington

sacks, fishing tackle, a generous amount of bedding and things to eat. Of the last two we took a plenty, for our journey was to be far up into the clouds almost to the summit of the Cascade Mountains and to the land of perpetual snow. Our objective was Snow Lakes, two little gems of beauty nestling between mountain crags. Our sojourn was to be limited to a few days, the writer preferring many short vacations a year to the usual long annual one. Our plan has many advantages for us and, too, we may live in anticipation, realization and lingering memories many times a year instead of once. And business does not suffer, either, for in the short length of time we do not lose track of our patients.

At twelve o'clock midnight we were aroused by the "honk" of the motor that was to convey us to the "End of the Trail." We were now joined by a congenial couple, who with Mrs. Smith and the writer



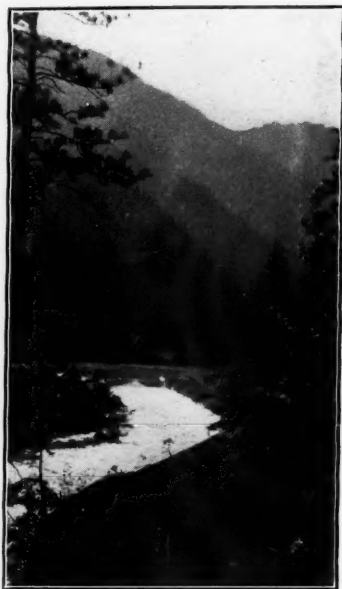
Snow Lakes



Snow Lakes

made up the party. The stillness of the morning was broken by the motor as it moaned in low gear, slowly but surely negotiating the mountain climb. At the end of the road we bade goodbye to the driver and civilization. Henceforth for two miles our path was an irrigation flume that carries water to the highlands.

The early dawn revealed to us the Wenatchee River far below, threading its way through a prosperous and fruitful valley that is noted for the quality of its apples. The end of the flume and breakfast, then we tightened our belts for the strenuous climb to our destination. Mile after mile, it seemed, we lifted our packs and bodies straight up until our forty-



Wenatchee River Gorge



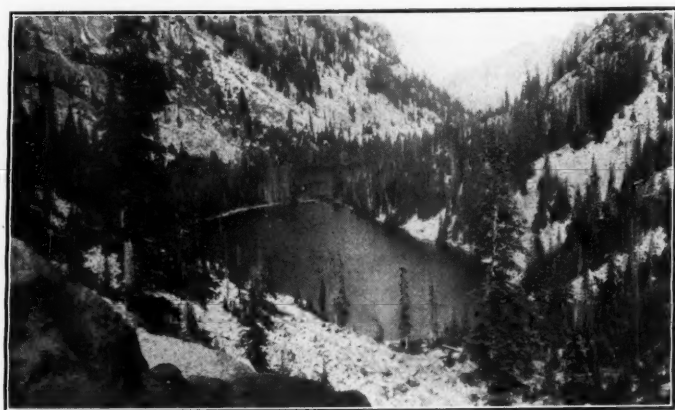
Wenatchee National Forest

pound loads felt like hundred-weights.

At noon we had found the lakes and located the cabin with its latchstring out. Millions of mosquitoes thickened the atmosphere and detracted somewhat from the pleasure of the outing. Hungry cutthroats we expected were awaiting us in the pool. We tempted

them with luscious periwinkles that we had secured in the Icicle River. However, they were not in a responsive mood and our catch for the day was nothing.

That night, when we were tucked away in the cabin, a storm arose. As the lightning flashed, its bright glare was reflected over the glistening glaciers. It was a



Nader Lake—Wenatchee National Forest

unique and wonderful experience for us. Never had we witnessed a thunderstorm at that altitude before. It was the Fourth of July, so the fireworks were appropriate. In the night the mosquitoes had been reduced. They had evidently been struck by lightning and washed away in the downpour that followed.

After doing some reconnoitering and photographing the beauty spots, we rolled our packs and

descended. In Snow Creek we caught eastern brook trout in abundance. They were small, but a more delicious fish never graced a frying pan.

The end of another day saw us back in civilization and among friends. On our short trip we had tramped ground seldom trod, had seen sights that only those off the beaten path see, and had gathered golden memories that time only will erase.

A Mediterranean Cruise

By Charles Askowith, D.M.D., Boston, Mass.

For several years my wife and I looked forward to celebrating our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by a trip abroad. After months of planning and eager anticipation we finally decided to join a summer cruise around the Mediterranean.

We left New York at midnight, July 3, 1925. Our first thrill came while standing on the upper deck of the Cunard liner *Tuscania* watching the wonderful panorama of New York Harbor with the skyscrapers lighted up by searchlights and fireworks ushering in the glorious Fourth.

The next day found us enjoying the first real vacation in many years, aboard an ocean liner, free from care, with brisk ocean breezes and all the comforts of a floating hotel. Fine weather and

good health favored us for the next eight days at sea. Then we caught our first glimpse of land, the purple and green mountains of Madeira Island rising abruptly from the blue Atlantic. We landed at Funchal, a picturesque city, with its narrow streets, quaint shops, and gardens and vineyards on the hills. We rode up the mountain on the funicular, coasted down on sleds held by men runners on foot, and traveled through town in bullock carts on runners, over streets paved with greased, smooth cobblestones.

Passing into the Mediterranean between the legendary Pillars of Hercules, our next port of call was Gibraltar. From Algericas across the bay we boarded a train for old Granada, Spain. An eight-hour ride through a picturesque and

mountainous country, with fields of olive and fig trees, brought us to the spot so well portrayed by Washington Irving—the Alhambra and the Generalife, finest specimens of Moorish architecture. Granada is the ancient city of the Moors, its brilliantly painted houses and sparkling fountains and the bright dress of the natives suggesting the atmosphere of the *Arabian Nights*, but there is evidence all around of the decline and fall of the once proud and powerful Spanish Empire.

We returned by rail through the scenic Andalusian Mountains to Malaga to rejoin the ship for a delightful two days' sail to Monte Carlo, where we stayed a couple of days, visiting the famous Casino where more fortunes are lost than made. From Monte Carlo we drove over the celebrated Corniche Road to Nice, the heart of the Riviera. This road runs along the tops of precipitous cliffs and provides magnificent views of the Mediterranean and splendid hotels and beautiful villas along the shores of the bay—a most thrilling ride. The sail from Monte Carlo to Civitavecchia, the port of Rome, afforded fine views of the Italian Alps and the Riviera mountains.

It being Jubilee Year, Rome was superbly decorated. One could spend a year sightseeing in Rome—the Vatican, its wonderful masterpieces of art; the Coliseum and the Forum, exquisite in their antiquity; the ancient and modern statuary, the many churches and

fine palaces and public buildings were indeed a treat!

Naples was the next port, a beautiful harbor, with ever-smoking Vesuvius rising in majestic grandeur. Several days were spent in making excursions—Pompeii, with its remarkable ruins; enchanting Sorrento; and the wonderful scenic ride to Amalfi and along the Bay of Naples to Capri, with its towering cliffs and fairy-like Blue Grotto and quaint little fishing villages along the coast.

Three days of delightful sailing through the Straits of Messina and then up the beautiful Adriatic Sea brought us to Venice, the noiseless city, with her canals and gondolas, the brilliant coloring of her skies and water, the beauties of her palaces and villas, the life and merriment of her myriad waterways and bridges, all of which must be seen to be appreciated. We visited St. Mark's Square and Cathedral, the Doges' Palace, the Rialto and the Lido, the fashionable bathing resort across the Grand Canal.

After three days' further sailing we reached Athens, the classic Greek city. Her marble Stadium, world-famous Acropolis, Temple of Jupiter and other ancient temples were visited. Leaving Athens, we sailed on across the Aegean Sea toward Asia Minor, crossing the historic Dardanelles, that narrow strip of water separating Europe from Asia, and arrived at Constantinople.

The harbor of Constantinople is most beautifully formed by the

Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. Stamboul, the native section, has many beautiful mosques with their domes and minarets. Pera is the modern port, divided by the famous Galata Bridge. The city is the most cosmopolitan city in the Near East. Roberts College and the American Woman's University, finely located on the Bosphorus, have been the educational beacons to the Near East people of all nationalities.

Leaving Constantinople, we recrossed the Sea of Marmora and sailed for eight hundred miles on the calm Mediterranean to Haifa, the gateway to the Holy Land. Nestled among the palm and olive trees at the foot of Mount Carmel lies Haifa, a picturesque and thriving port. Excellent state roads lead in all directions. We covered about eight hundred miles by auto and visited all principal towns from Safed, three thousand feet above sea level, to Jericho, one thousand feet below. The Jewish towns and agricultural colonies are modern, sanitary and thriving, in striking contrast to the Arab villages, which are filthy and a thousand years in the past. The Jewish pioneers of the colonies have transformed malaria-infested swamps and marshes into fertile fields and gardens. They have also harnessed the Jordan, supplying cheap electricity for light and power over the entire country.

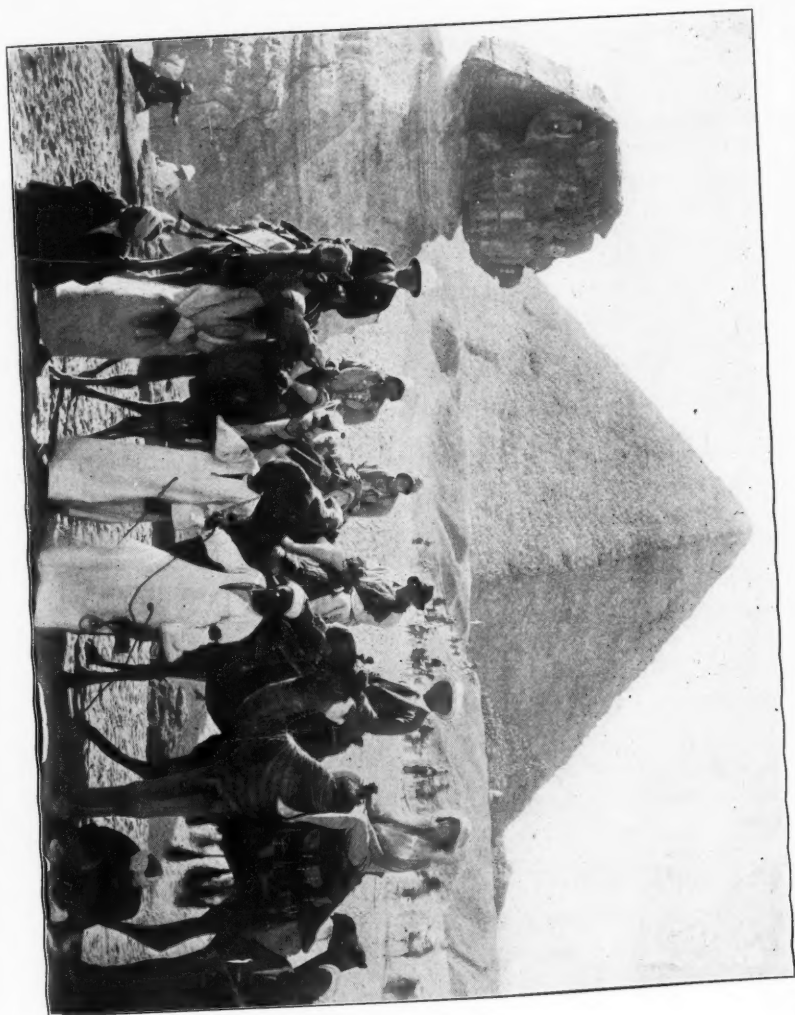
Our chief interest was, of course, seeing Jerusalem, the Holy City of great religions. It was indeed inspiring to walk the roads

and visit the landmarks of the Bible. We visited also several hospitals and health-welfare stations maintained by the Hadassah, the American Jewish women's organization, where they are doing splendid work in eliminating disease and safeguarding the health of the people regardless of creed or nationality.

We rejoined the ship at Jaffa and sailed for ancient Alexandria, Egypt, where we boarded a modern train and traveled across the Nile Delta to Cairo, the capital, an interesting city of a million people. Here can be seen great wealth and extreme poverty, civilization and barbarism, gaiety and lust, wonderful shops and clever, persistent Arab fakers; also hundreds of mosques, fine hotels and gardens always in bloom in spite of the absence of rain the whole year round. We visited the Museum, which has the finest collection of Egyptian antiquities, including the Tut-ankh-amen objects, which are certainly wonderful.

We drove out to Ghizeh and mounted camels for a ride over the hot sands to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, then to Memphis on the Nile. The Pyramids, the Sphinx and other huge monuments dating back over five thousand years are indeed mysterious and impressive sights.

We enjoyed the thrills and adventure of Egypt, but we were glad to board our good ship again at Alexandria for the homeward journey. Except for brief stops at Naples and Gibraltar, our voy-



The writer and his wife, with friends, on their visit to Ghizeh, Egypt.

age home for the next ten days was restful and enjoyable and we stored up energy for the future.

Fortunately we were favored on the entire cruise with good health, ideal weather and charming traveling companions, and it was the best vacation we ever had!

On the morning of September 3d, however, we received the greatest thrill in sighting our own dear U. S. A., and when we passed the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, we felt happy to be at home again in God's own country.

110 Boylston Street.

A Cruise Into the Land of Our Dreams

By Roy V. Hogue, D.D.S., Glendale, Cal.

To the story-man of YE DENTAL DIGEST, supposed to be digested by weary dentists:

So you want a story, do you? A vacation story? Inasmuch as I am a self-appointed Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Underworked and Overfed Dentists, I will submit this material to you for the lavish use of your blue pencil.

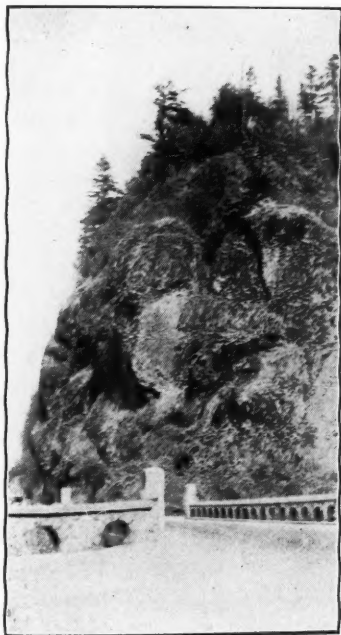
Our vacation consisted of a five weeks' trip away from home—myself, my wife and my son. We left Glendale, California, known as "the fastest-growing city in America," Sunday morning, July 19th, headed for Seattle to attend the triennial conclave of Knights Templar, which is the meeting of the Grand Encampment.

You who have traveled California and the Pacific Coast Country know that we have the finest highways to be found anywhere. Our first stop was made

in three hours at Santa Barbara, the Mission City, a distance of about 105 miles from our starting point. It was but two weeks since the terrible earthquake which struck that beautiful city early in the morning, wrecking the business district and taking the lives of a number of its citizens, among them a member of our profession who had gone before hours to his office to relieve pain. He thus gave his life for humanity. A description of the wreckage would only dampen the enjoyment of a vacation, so we shall pass on over these wonderful highways, over the Santa Marguerita Mountains, into the fertile valleys of the Coast Country, and make our stop for dinner, before dark, at King City, 300 miles from home.

We covered the distance to Seattle, approximately 1500 miles, without driving at night, in four days. Stopping nights at good hotels, getting good dinners and

good rest, we throttled our way northward on what is known as the Pacific Highway, taking side trips up the Columbia River



Columbia River Highway. The natural coloring of these bluffs defies the brush of any artist.

Highway out of Portland, the most scenic piece of road and engineering in the world; also, trips to Paradise Valley and Rainier National Park, Mount Rainier, Washington. A description of these wonders would be impossible. You fellows who live in the West have an opportunity to see them. You fellows who live in the East will not complete your lives with a great score until you have followed our example!

We stopped at our hotel in Seattle in the middle of the afternoon, less than one week elapsed time from home, having had two nights in Paradise Valley, one full day on the Columbia River Highway, and side trips from Medford, Oregon, into the Crater Lake Country.

The people of Seattle outdid themselves in their courtesy and hospitality to their visitors, who had come from all over the United States and Canada, and some from Mexico. The stupendous and magnificent parade which was held on the streets of the city showed



On the Glacier at Mount Rainier, Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park, Washington



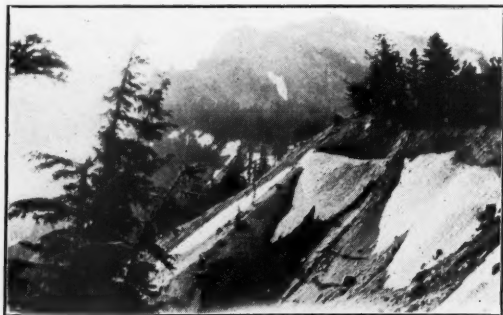
Crater Lake, Oregon, with Mystery Island in the distance

to the thousands of guests and visitors that Templarism is striving always to do more good for mankind.

We were shown the beauties of the immediate vicinity, including Lake Washington with its thirty-six miles of surrounding highway. We went into the highest hills and the lowest valleys. We saw anchored in the still waters of the bay those magnificent dead warships which were never finished, stacked in rows like so many cigars in a box, a monument to the ex-

travagance, waste, avarice and selfishness of war. We visited the Bremerton Navy Yard, with its wonders in mechanical engineering that are required to keep our dogs of war in fettle.

The real dessert of this trip was now to come—the two weeks' voyage on the good ship *Alameda*, especially chartered by Golden West Commandery of Los Angeles and the commanderies of surrounding cities, of which ours was one, to that magnet, Alaska, the star of imagination, a place where we



Snow Country in August—Crater Lake Country, Oregon

wanted to go for many, many years, and where we found that anticipation is not, as has been said, half the pleasure. The realization of a trip to that country surpasses description.

Our passage was chartered and limited to our own party, 226 of us, made up of Knights from the Southland and their families. Accompanying us was the Golden West Commandery Band, which wonderful organization you people in the East have probably heard

our band was playing *The Star-Spangled Banner* as the flag was lowered. Thus we steamed out into the mighty sound to the strains of *Till We Meet Again*.

We wended our way through those most interesting and scenic channels known as the Inside Passage to Alaska, a job of navigation which is not undertaken by men operating on the high seas. Hundreds of the most beautiful islands, channels of the deepest blue, timbered hills growing mil-



Alaska-bound, steaming through the Inside Passage, a very dangerous job of navigating—safe enough here, but oh, look around the corner!

over the radio, as they broadcast some excellent concerts. Also, we had a full orchestra for our evening entertainments and dancing aboard ship. The spectacle of leaving Seattle will never be forgotten. Those who could not go had come to the docks to say goodbye, and the ship was literally strewn with serpentine crêpe and confetti. As the hour for departing was sounded, the engines were put into action, the flags were flying, our friends were waving, and

lions upon millions of feet of untouched spruce, all passed before our eyes. Queen Charlotte Sound was crossed and gave us about the only rough going encountered, the voyage otherwise being as smooth as a trip on a stern-wheeler on the Ohio River.

Our first stop was at Ocean Falls, British Columbia, where we fished. Here we were the guests of a member of our party who was interested in the Pacific Mills, one of the largest paper mills operat-



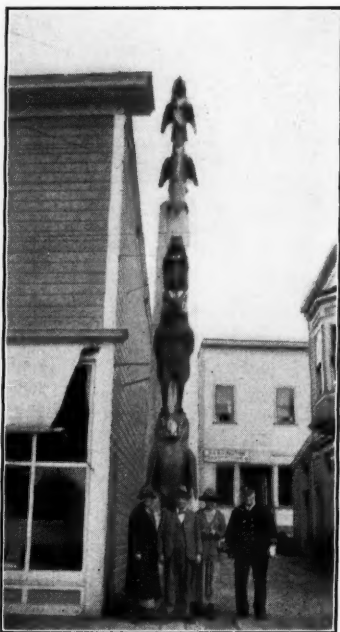
Ketchikan, Alaska, from the boat

ing. We were shown through this magnificent plant and then the prow of the good old *Alameda* was headed toward Ketchikan.

Alaska is such a lesson to one who wants to travel with eyes and ears open! The stupendous possibilities of that land have so far been only scratched. The electric power generated there by the simple harnessing of waterfalls would supply the entire United States. The idea that Alaska is the frozen North is in error. You see some of the finest vegetation that could be grown anywhere, berries that exceed anything ever produced in the States. The season is short, but they work day and night, because the sun is with them all the while. At the time of our trip twilight began about ten p. m. and darkness fell about midnight; dawn began at two-thirty and daylight at three.

We were in the midst of the Alaskan salmon fisheries, which supply the world with this delicious article of food. We called at many of the large canneries,

taking on the finished product, and, when finally loaded, the boat had 35,000 cases of that delicacy aboard, along with some \$2,000,000 worth of silver ore brought



"The Raven"—totem pole, Wrangell, Alaska, the Indian's family tree



Totem pole in United States National Indian Park, Sitka, Alaska, where a great collection of Indian historical and legendary relics are preserved in their natural surroundings, the last reminders of a fast disappearing race

out of the Yukon Country by train to Skagway.

At Wrangell, Ketchikan, Petersburg, Juneau and Sitka we saw

the standing evidences of that romantic time in the lives of the Alaskan Indians, now lastingly portrayed in the carvings of their totem poles, the totem pole being their means of recording their family tree. A few hours spent in the museum at Juneau, listening to the voice of a man who has spent his life among the Indians as he explained their lives, their ambitions, their disillusion, and their final fading away, will give the city-bred man something to ponder over.

Before going into Juneau, we sailed as close as possible to the famous Taku Glacier, a solid wall of ice of fresh water, two miles wide, 740 feet above high tide, running back into the mountains 110 miles. This large glacier is moving slowly, the entire mass working its way seaward, a thirty-foot tide pounding it to pieces and causing immense icebergs to break off when the tide is low. It is said that the blast of a bugle or the vibration of the boat whistle will cause the ice to tumble. We hap-



Famous Taku Glacier, near Juneau, Alaska



Millions of tons of solid ice, not rock, from the Alaska glaciers

pened to be there at high tide, so we missed this phenomenon.

At Juneau we were the guests of the Governor, that being the capital of the territory. We were shown through the mines, power plants and cold storage plants, where thousands of tons of finest salmon and halibut are frozen and shipped all over the world. We had also a side trip by auto to the Mendenhall Glacier.

We saw at many of these points the famed Malemiuts or Husky, the Alaskan dog, which has written so much of the history of that

country, has carried many exhausted mushers over the Chilkoot Pass and has therefore been lauded in song, story and screen.

At some of our calls at the canneries we saw pathetic instances which made us realize the value of music, literature, culture and education. Women had their children at the docks, some of them from six to ten years of age, who had never heard music, never seen a band in uniform, who knew not the strains of the orchestra and had never seen the polish of genteel men and women. At these



Mendenhall Glacier, Juneau, Alaska



Petting "Huskies" or Malemiuts, Alaska

places the parents pleaded with the music leaders to give them more music, and our musicians unselfishly stayed by their instruments and rendered music while the rest of the crowd were ashore seeing the sights and exploring what was to them the unknown.

Our trip northward through Lynn Canal was a continuation of scenic wonder—glacier after glacier, magnificent waterfalls, beautiful vegetation.

We arrived at Skagway, the entry port during the famous gold

rush and the beginning of the renowned Chilkoot Pass, over which trudged thousands of weary souls beckoned on by the visionary nuggets of gold to be picked up from the earth's surface. Some of them were successful and returned in prosperity; the majority of them were crushed in disappointment and trudged wearily back to realize that the wealth of our lives is not to be picked up from the ground but is to be gained by years of energetic usefulness to our fellow men. Many there were who never



Lake Atlin, via Lake Bennett and White Pass and Yukon Railroad, Alaska

returned at all. Many lie in unmarked graves, in so-called "cemetaries," sacred in the memory of the loved ones back in the States who will never see them again.

At Skagway we stopped at the Pullen House, now but a dismal relic and museum of the gold-rush days. Mrs. Pullen still conducts the hostelry, its sole attraction being her collection of gambling devices and famous (?) oil paintings which were gathered from the concert halls, saloons and gambling houses when they made their last fade-out.

From Skagway we wended our way through Chatham Straits, Peril Straits, and out into the main ocean to the town of Sitka, the original capital of the territory in the days of Russia's reign. There we found a Government park set aside to preserve the legends and history of the fast disappearing Indians. Their totem poles are now assembled there in all their magnificence and their natural surroundings, safe from the grasp of the carnival promoters who would have taken them away.

We returned to Seattle under ideal weather conditions, having had two full weeks on the boat, with nothing to do but eat, sleep, dance and enjoy life, and several of us of the dental profession

cared naught about technic or therapeutics.

Arriving in Seattle, we took our auto from storage, headed the old motometer southward and had a repetition of our enjoyable trip north. We were fortunate in seeing Mount Lassen, the only active volcano in the United States, in mild eruption. We crossed the Siskiyou Mountains, made famous by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. We saw the snow-capped peak of Mount Shasta and picked wild flowers at the edge of the melting snow. Through Oregon and Washington we found many streams and lakes which would make a fisherman envious and ambitious to get into action. And we found most excellent chicken dinners right alongside the road.

After five weeks of vacation we were back in Southern California, feeling rested, enthused and full of pleasant memories, anxious to return to work to make a few shekels so that we might be able to begin all over again next summer.

To a fellow who was raised in the Mississippi Valley, living in the Golden West is a realization of his boyhood dreams and, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, "may we never wake up!"

104 South Brand Street.



Winter Camping

By Mark G. McElhinney, D.D.S., Ottawa, Canada

In these days nearly everyone camps out, usually in the summer or the fall when the chances are good for decent weather. There are some who like to experiment, and I belong in that category. After reading volume on volume of Arctic exploration and countless stories of exploits in the North Country, it is but natural that one should be curious about traveling, cooking and sleeping in the open in below-zero weather.

two toboggans, six-footers, and each carried one hundred and twenty-five pounds of dunnage. At least, that was the weight when we started, but it was nearer a ton before we were through.

Our destination was a bit of property which my brother and I had acquired on the Rideau River about eight miles from town. When we started out in the morning, the thermometer read fifteen below zero, so we were well wrapped up.



Glen Logan, the camp

It was in 1910 that we organized our first winter camp and, with the exception of some of the War years, we have kept it up ever since. It is true that it is not so strenuous nowadays as was the initial effort, because we are getting older and probably lazier.

On the first trip there were four of us, all rigged out with snowshoes and what-not. We hauled

By the end of the first mile we began to peel off our extra clothing, and when we arrived we were free of coats, vests and sweaters. A Turkish bath was not in it for perspiration!

We arrived sometime in the afternoon, and our first job was the cooking of a sirloin steak, one that looked a yard long and two or three inches thick. Man, that was

a royal steak! Coffee, bread and butter, pickles and jam served to fill up any corners. Owing to the low temperature, the butter would not spread and had to be eaten like cheese.

After the meal and a smoke we put up the tent, set up the stove and cut boughs for a foundation for the bedding, which consisted of sleeping bags. The sleeping bag is the only real answer in the matter of bedding for any time of year. When the stove got going, we were very comfortable and no doubt the exercise of cutting wood was good for us. That little sheet-

the food supply, as it is wonderful what an appetite one gets. It is amazing how quickly one becomes accustomed to the cold, the snow and the wind, not to mention the eternal wood-cutting. In a few days we were as hard as nails and did not mind the trek home at all. Possibly this was because we had eaten a large part of the load.

We camped thus for several winters and then got "doggy" and built a shack, which is better than a tent in soft weather. It does not matter how cold it is, a tent is good and easily heated, but when it comes to a thaw, things are not so



Ravine opposite the camp down which we slid the coal to the ice

iron stove certainly possessed a good appetite! When we turned in that night, it was twenty-seven below zero and possibly it got colder by morning. That did not bother us, as we were warm and snug in our eiderdown-lined bags.

We stayed a week and might have stayed longer if the grub had not given out. For winter camping it is necessary almost to double

good, for everything gets mushy.

Here is the log of our trip this year:

Sat., Jan. 23, 1926. Left Ottawa 3.30 p. m. in car with man to drive car back. Arrived at Glen Logan 4 p. m. Came up on the Nepean side of the river and had to take dunnage across on the ice. Had a toboggan along, otherwise we would never have managed the



The writer fishing through the ice. The small bushes are required by law whenever a hole is made in the ice.

four bags of coal. The river banks are steep and high, the only way down being by a ravine which is located conveniently right across from our place. We loaded the coal, pointed it down and let it go. It went part way across into the bargain. Some of the rest of our stuff received much gentler handling. In due time everything was in the shack, a fire going and all snug. Maximum temperature 26 above, minimum temperature 6 below.

Sun., Jan. 24. Cold, blowing hard, bright sunshine. Rustled wood and cut a hole in the ice to supply ordinary water and to fish through, if so there be. Our drinking water comes from a spring and is the best ever. Saw several rabbits and a few partridges, also fox tracks. Max. 23 above, min. 11 above.

Mon., Jan. 25. Cold, clear, and sunshine. No wind, for which Allah be thanked! Moderated around middle of day. There is about two feet of ice on the river, and it cracks and booms like a bat-

tery going into action. Enjoyed some fine tobogganing. Frank became mixed with some barbed wire rather to the destruction of his nether garments. Max. 11 above, min. 14 below.

Tues., Jan. 26. Milder, light flurries of snow. Gathered much wood and set baited lines in water-hole, but the fish seemed to be somewhere else. Ice seems to get more noisy when it moderates a bit. Expected visitors in evening and put guiding lights to show ravine and trail to boathouse. Visitors did not come. Max. 13 above, min. 8 below.

Wed., Jan. 27. Moderate and snowing. House very comfortable. Here is the breakfast menu: Sliced orange, oatmeal porridge, liver, bacon and onions, bread and butter, biscuits and marmalade, tea or



Frank spies a rabbit, but the rabbit sees him first.



The spring. The dead partridge was a little to the left of the spring.

coffee. Frank claims to be getting his appetite into condition. Claim allowed. Tried my hand at baking a loaf of bread, and it was not bad for a first offense. Frank took a crack at a rabbit, but the rabbit was in high and the shot failed to connect. Pancakes and syrup for tea. Found remains of fresh-killed partridge where Mr. Fox had dined. We took turns on watch, but Reynard was too wise. Max. 28 above, min. 12 above.

Thurs., Jan. 28. Wind rose toward morning and by noon a howling blizzard was on. One could not see a dozen yards, and it was easy to understand how people might perish if far from shelter. Got up late and had breakfast and dinner in one. Stewed a pot of prunes, enough to last out. For tea, pork sausage and sauerkraut, preserves, toast and tea.

This is the coldest night this winter so far. The high wind makes it difficult to keep the camp warm in spite of two stoves going full tilt. We have been stuffing

cracks and tacking heavy building-paper over unused doors and windows, which makes quite a difference. It is really too cold to sit around and read, so we keep moving. Once tucked into our sleeping bags, we are O. K. Max. 12 above, min. 3 below.

Fri., Jan. 29. Gee whiz—last night was one humdinger! In spite of the banked coal fire in the living room, everything was somewhat frozen. (The apparent discrepancy in temperature readings is due to such being taken from 4 p. m. one day to 4 p. m. the next day.) Moderated toward noon with more snow. Saw many rabbit and fox tracks and raised a partridge. Regret that partridges are out of season, as they are easy to get at this time. Max. 1 below, min. 24 below. Twenty-four below with a blizzard is some cold! The waterhole freezes each night and has to be chopped out again.

Sat., Jan. 30. Up at 8 a. m., breakfast at 9: prunes, porridge, bacon and coffee. Much milder, camp fine and warm. Saw a skunk track back of shed, but he did not interfere with us. Main job is



Ready for the trek home

getting things together for the trek home. Had arranged with man to drive up, but the road is probably blocked in places. Not taking chances, after lunch we loaded our toboggans and started. We had guessed right. About four miles down we came upon the car disabled. The drifts were too much

for the rear axle. As there was a gas station and a telephone here, we soon had a relief expedition on the way. We went in behind the emergency truck like a tow in a heavy sea, reaching home in time for dinner and well able to negotiate the same. Max. 12 above, min. 11 below.

252 Lisgar Street.

Another Real Vacation

By Helen T. Dearborn, D.D.S., Red Oak, Iowa

Having arrived home from our previous annual vacation generously stuccoed with the very best grade of good old Iowa mud, mixed with the proportions well suited to a perfect pebble-dash application, it seemed to me just the finest thing in the world to climb the steps of a Pullman at Omaha and let the C. B. & Q. take us to Deadwood without any further effort on our part. Of course, the year before, being the owner of a centrifugal casting machine, I ought to have known better than to have located myself right behind the rear wheel of Billie's car to help those four Iowa farmers push the car out of the mud-hole into which it had wandered, while Billie was browsing around in a cookie!

However, it is much more restful to look out of the window of a diner and to take both hands off the steering wheel at mealtime

than to have to keep one's eyes on the road and the motor car on it, too. We had selected for our vacation the Latchstring Inn at Savory, S. D., in the Spearfish Canyon. A very inopportune attack of tonsillitis postponed our trip a week, and it was almost the middle of September when we made our start, but that is always the most beautiful time of the year where aspens grow amid pines.

The first morning out of Omaha, the scenery was decidedly changed—butes, bluffs, groups of pines, miniature mountains, and even tunnels, which we never think about in Southwestern Iowa. Until the middle of the afternoon we wound our way around and through the hills, which are covered with the pines that look almost black in the distance. I had never thought much about where railroad ties came from and so I was interested in the busy mills



Railroad in Spearfish Canyon

by the way, where piles of logs were made into more piles of clean, white ties. Innumerable and abandoned prospect holes were always coming into view, and more than one large and abandoned mine passed our windows. Most of the time there was a hurrying and very clear mountain stream racing along beside us, as if trying to get there first.

As the time for Deadwood approached, we wondered where it would be, for the canyon-like space left for it seemed unfitted for a town. But it finally began to straggle into sight, suddenly growing into a real city, lying between and on the sides of the surrounding hills. We spent a comfortable night at the hotel and the next morning were boosted up on the funny little car that was to take us up Spearfish Canyon. We retraced our way to Englewood, where we left the main line and began to go decidedly up. I be-

lieve that in thirty-one miles there are something like three hundred and seventy-five curves, the grades being most noticeable and a straight piece of track something to comment upon. To lay out such a right-of-way seemed remarkable enough without the building of it. One wonders why, in this maze of



Tippy on top of the World

hills, the surveyors were not hopelessly lost.

The track is carefully inspected by the section crews before train time, for rock slides can easily occur and a wreck might be a serious matter in more places than one of those thirty-one miles.

We went up to somewhere near 6200 feet and the scenery changed at every turn. Amid the pine-clad hills, so dark, were sudden bright little meadows, a good many abandoned mines, and very many prospect holes with nobody home, and even a tiny city or two, deserted and looking pathetically lonesome. When a mine closed, machinery and tools were often left where they had been dropped, and there they stayed. In an all-day hike to an old cyanide mine Billie found a set of home-made doll furniture partly buried in the dust and grass that had grown around it, and everything else as if the occupants of the cabin had left most hurriedly.

After we had reached the summit, we began to go down this canyon, so beautiful in its heights and depths. Another lively brook hustled along beside us, until the Homestake pipe-line swallowed it whole. In another mile the canyon widened out at the junction of the Little Spearfish, and there was the inn right before us.

The Latchstring Inn is owned by Railsback and Watts and is operated by them with the able assistance of Mrs. Tippy and Mr. Bugs, three of these meeting us with words of welcome and much

barking as we climbed off the train. Railsback and Watts are two exceedingly capable and enterprising young women, both college graduates, and they make the Latchstring a most agreeable place to stay. Mrs. Tippy is a collie, just about as near human as a dog can be, and was a delightful companion on our hikes. Mr. Bugs is her son, not quite so much collie, and he does the best he knows how to do. He, too, was a companion on our hikes at odd moments, when he had not forgotten at what particular spot on the trail he had left us and so could find us again.

We were soon unpacked and ready to explore. There were plenty of places to begin on, from the doors of the place, all operating on the latchstring order, to the many trails running off through the canyons and hills. Trout? Certainly, "oodles" of them, and it must be a real fisherman's paradise for those who know how to angle in mountain streams. If you slip up quietly enough, you can look into the clear, cold water and see them. We did not know the technic of getting them, so were not successful. It did not trouble me much, but Billie would fish all day in a pail of water for a minnow if she thought she might eventually land it, so I spent considerable time poking along beside the stream while she vainly angled. Patient little Tippy would gaze into the stream by her side, obviously puzzled at the wasted effort when she knew so well how it ought to be done. Her greatest

pleasure was to go fishing with Miss Watts, who always brought home a well-filled creel, and Tippy could not understand why we did not do the same.

A few days after our arrival the hunting season opened, and even fried chicken almost lost its prestige after a dinner of pheasant. More than once Billie and I were paralyzed in our tracks by the rumpus these noisy birds made as we startled them out of their hiding-places, and we were thankful that they do not grow to be as large as elephants.

There were warm, almost hot, days of sunshine and the bluest blue sky we ever did see; some rainy days, and once snow and sleet. We hurried out the next morning to get snow pictures and by noon were going without sweaters and complaining of the heat. On cool nights we gathered in the living room, where there were four-foot logs in the big fireplace. As our family was small, we had our dinner by the fire. Believe us, it is no place to go if one is counting calories, for even the cream has to be excavated from the pitcher with a spoon. And did anyone ever tell you about ham baked in sweet cider and raisins? If we came in tired at any time, Miss Railsback was never too tired, in the midst of making two or three hundred glasses of jelly, to provide a lunch for us, even to hot rolls.

On one never - to - be - forgotten day, Bugs, in a spirit of valiancy born only of ignorance, pounced

upon and industriously shook what he thought was a black and white kitty. Tippy, being with him, was also heavily involved. Upon discovering their dreadful mistake, they put for home as fast as they could go, Tippy for her haven of refuge under the cot in our room. Always a welcome visitor, she came through the open door before we discovered the source of the unlovely odor that suddenly and thoroughly drenched the atmosphere. Did you ever, in your youthful days, poke a stick into a large ant-hill? If you did, you may readily picture the energetic upheaval in our otherwise peaceful existence. There followed much airing of rooms, burning of incense, and the scrubbing with soap and hot water of two sadder and wiser dogs.

Another day we boarded the little train to take the ride down to Spearfish. As yet the canyon trip cannot be made by motor for there is no road built through it and, because of the expense involved, there may not be for some time. The Spearfish end of the canyon is different and even more beautiful; the walls appear higher and are covered with tall pines. A Homestake power-house is in the canyon, the State fish hatcheries are at Spearfish, and it is an interesting trip.

We could not take all the hikes along the many trails, for the tonsillitis had left me quite incapacitated for stiff climbing. The "Needle's Eye," an opening in the buttressed top of the canyon wall

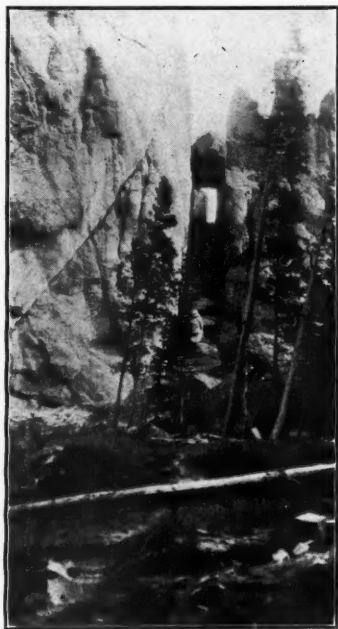


Old "Seventy-six Trail,"
Spearfish Canyon

just in front of the inn, was a daily temptation and was several hundred feet almost straight up. The strong inclination to attempt it, regardless of wobbly knees, was curbed by the tale of the determined climber who was pushed and pulled up to it by her friends, only ever afterward to refer to it confusedly as the "Idol's Knee."

We postponed our departure several days, loath to leave the friends we had made and a place that was growing more beautiful as the autumn colors deepened. But we wanted to stop at Sylvan Lake for a day and finally climbed for the last time on the little train

with the friendly train crew, who seemed by this time to be old acquaintances. Another twenty-four hours in Deadwood, a trip to Lead, and we turned toward home. Arriving at Custer, it was cold, the altitude being some two thousand feet higher. An open car, with never a robe in it, took us to the lake, arriving just before the marrow in our bones congealed. The blazing log in the fireplace looked exceedingly attractive to us just then, and we camped in front of it till we thawed out. The ride was more appreciated on the return trip, when we were under a blanket and could view in comfort the huge and queerly shaped rocks.



The Needle's Eye

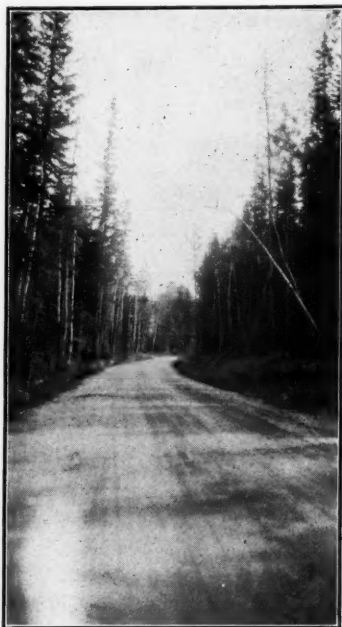


Sylvan Lake

Sylvan Lake is a lovely spot which should not be missed by the tourist. And the proprietress of the hotel has the comfort and happiness of her guests first in mind. We were but few that night and so were soon visiting with the two jolly couples who were motor-ing through the Hills and with a young woman from California, to whom we so heartily recommended the Spearfish Canyon trip that she took it later and was delighted with it. And these two men, who so hilariously rode the stuffed wild animals that night in the upstairs hall, never knew that the stern voice that later requested "Quiet, please!" at their door was that of

this same young woman who seemed effervescing with mischief, and not that of our courteous hostess.

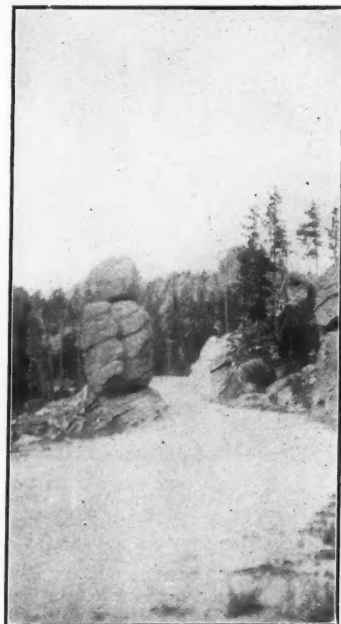
Next day Billie and I hiked around the lake, up to the Needles and back and part way down the Gorge. It was a chilly, windy day, not very good for the pictures we wanted, but fine for exercise. One must see the fantastic rock shapes to appreciate them. So many had hats or odd little tams on top; some were tall spires, the top third divided with a groove running way around them. The scenery is truly magnificent; there is a perfect boulevard built through the Needles, with easy



On the Needle's Road



On the Needle's Road



A Sentinel on the Needle's Road

grades and very safe for the careful driver. Billie found one group of pinnacle rocks that she called her "pipe organ." One would never tire of the Needles or its views from the open places and the innumerable little trails running off from the road between the rocks. All looked alluring, but we had only the day and there was not time to explore. Upon boarding the train that evening, we thought we had put in a full day and, after the eighteen-hour ride to Omaha had given our tired muscles time to stiffen, it was much easier to get off sideways, which we did, since no one offered to carry us.

We arrived home with our two cars all clean, well greased and ready to go, not even a broken spring or blowout to mar the pleasures of the trip. Although a motor trip through the Hills, with frequent stops for hikes, would be the ideal way to enjoy all the possibilities of that country, we prefer to navigate by train the many miles necessary to reach it. It is much less work and worry to purchase a round-trip ticket and let some one else keep water in the radiator and gas in the tank. How do we know? Every other year we take a motor-car vacation and so, you see, we know all about it.

Experiences of a Dentist in Tropical Mexico

By H. Kull, D.D.S., Mexico City, Mexico

Oaxaca, capital of one of Mexico's southern states of the same name, had been my place of residence for nearly three years. As is the case with all the smaller cities of this country that have no industries, few agricultural resources to support them, whose mines are not worked, and where the population is mostly Indian, my work began to slacken and I thought it time to make a change.

I had heard much of the wealth and beauty of the tropical coast lands bordering on the Pacific, to which the city of Oaxaca forms the eastern gateway. The fact that few people ever visit that part of the State, because one is subjected to certain risks of life and property and on account of the many hardships to which one is exposed, made the project of the journey all the more fascinating to both my brave better half and myself.

We had thought of making the trip in the early part of 1924, but the short-lived de la Huerta revolution was just then coming to a close and dispersed bands of the scattered revolutionists were marauding among the mountain fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, menacing the security of the paths leading to our proposed destination.

In December of the same year I was made a very acceptable offer by some coffee-planters to visit them and do their dental work.

The beginning of February, 1925—the 5th, to be exact—saw us all packed up and on the train to Ejutla. This is the terminal station of a railway line planned many years ago to be built to the coast. It was begun but never finished, as are so many things in Mexico, country of “mañana.”

All materials, enough for six or eight months' work, were packed into small-sized grocery boxes, the portable chair into its neat case, a dismounted foot lathe in a flat box especially made, and the plaster sealed in ten-gallon alcohol cans.

The planters had sent me nine mules with three “mozos” (male servants) and one lead boy, a ten-year-old child. Besides these, we had with us our own “mozo,” an unusually handy boy for this country where most servants are “tonto” (stupid) and lazy. Innocente was quick and industrious. He soon learned to pack the whole outfit, and I had long ago trained him to polish my plates and bridges, which help I doubly appreciated later on, since in the tropics it is hard enough to tread the foot engine, let alone the much bulkier and more awkward foot lathe.

For the start the next day we lined up our caravan, seven pack animals, the “captain” (my wife) and I on mule back, in front of the “Zócalo,” to have our picture taken.



Ready to depart

In my portfolio I kept a letter of safe conduct issued by the Governor and another signed by the General of the Federal troops stationed in the State. The latter gave orders to the officers of any one of the garrisons quartered in the larger towns to command a number of their men as guards for us, if we so desired, to accompany us as far along the road as we wished. For obvious reasons we never made use of these official documents. I also had applied for and received from the Ministry of War two permits to carry arms, and we each adorned ourselves with a good six-shooter and a belt full of cartridges; also with a beautifully carved dagger of the finest steel.

Progress was slow. We had to traverse some of the highest passes of that part of the Sierra Madre. The packs were heavy and the trail was bad, stony in some places, or

of clay and slippery from the rain in others, so that the mules we rode often slipped and sat on their



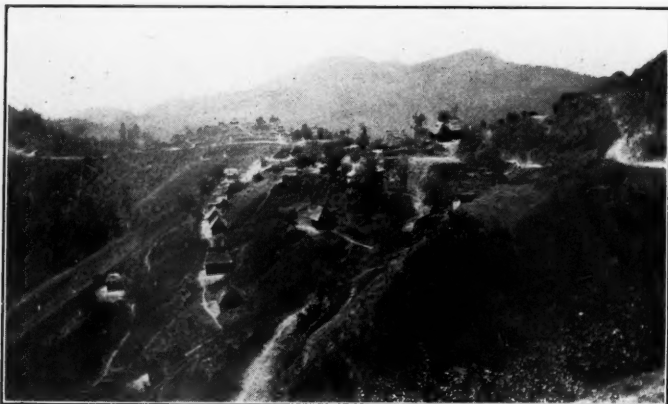
Armed with a six-shooter and a belt full of cartridges; also with a carved dagger of the finest steel

haunches, or else it was so steep that we had to dismount and walk for several hours. Through narrow vales and over cloud-capped peaks we traveled, where, when the weather was clear, we were thrilled at the sight of the panorama of never-ending chains of mountains reaching out from the dark green, pine-covered, near-by slopes into the blue and gray distance.

The mountain villages always presented a very charming sight

Traveling four, six and ten hours a day, after four and a half days we finally reached Alemania, our first stop on the plantations we were to visit, about 150 miles distant from Ejutla. The servants, of course, had done all the journey on bare feet, including the little boy, who arrived less tired and more cheerful than any of us.

Few dentists, I believe, ever worked in such a lofty office as I put up there temporarily on a

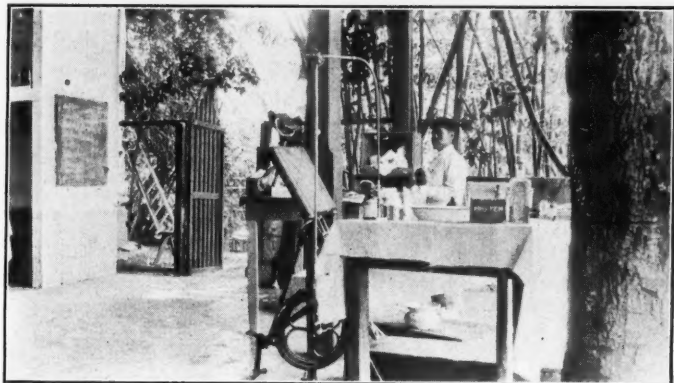


A typical mountain village

with their little huts, made of four walls of sticks filled in with clay and covered with a straw-thatched roof, scattered all over the slopes of steep grades, the church standing off prominently on a platform-like eminence, resembling a huge barn in structure, for in those parts it is not customary to grace that edifice with a tower. The bells are placed under a small roof instead, supported by crude posts, next to the house of worship.

wide, open veranda, which also served as a dining room. As the house stood on a high hill, I constantly had before me a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains and deep valleys below. To my left, huge bamboos and banana bushes shed a cooling shade.

I had about two months' work in the coffee district, divided among four plantations. We were most hospitably received by all the



My temporary office at Alemania

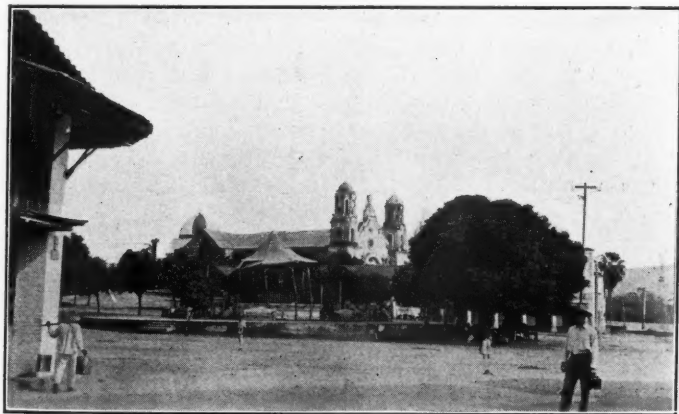
planters. Everything was done and no expense spared to make us as comfortable as possible. They paid me fair prices for my work.

While coffee grows in tropical climes, it will thrive only at an elevation of from 500 to 800 meters and under shade trees. Vegetation is of the most luxuriant kind, and to be in the jungle and see the impenetrable confusion of

trees, bushes, vines and flowers, to scent their delicate perfumes and watch the many varieties of exquisitely colored birds, leaves an everlasting impression.

I understand that the natives eat the meat of the parrots, as they relish that of the iguana, that huge lizard of the tropics which grows to a size of from two to three feet.

At the beginning of April we



Zócalo and church, Pochutla, Oaxaca

moved on to Pochutla, a town of about 4,000 inhabitants, nearer the coast. There my difficulties started. The degree of ignorance and the narrow vision of people who live far away from the general run of civilized life are astounding and incomprehensible to those who have never met them. To try to explain to them anything about dental work was absolutely a waste of time, and my fees, though I put them as low as was possible, seemed exorbitant to them.

For one of my honest efforts to reason with a patient I nearly paid with my life. We had mutually agreed to do some work for a certain price, half of which was paid on account. It turned out that the time was too short to make a partial denture, as the wounds from the extractions were still fresh. I offered to make a small bridge instead, which I had explained, when I contracted the work, that I would do in case there was not time for the wounds to heal during my short stay. There was only one thing the poor woman could think of, viz., that I wanted to cheat her out of some of her grinders and not replace as many as I had taken out. A short while after she had left the house, in came her husband furiously demanding back his money, which I refused to give him. I told him of the many extractions I had made and, while I was turning around to show him an inlay ready to put in place and a crown I had begun to make, he drew a long knife and started toward my back. Fortu-

nately the "captain," with a woman's intuition, had sensed trouble and stood next to the would-be assassin in time to take hold of his arm and prevent him from striking. Without more than telling him what a poor, ignorant "simp" he was, I returned his money. From then I always kept my automatic close at hand in the top drawer of the instrument case.

The next stage of our trip we made by water. Puerto Angel is a pretty little natural export harbor for the coffee district of Pochutla. Neat, small freighters with a few cabins and passenger boats also carrying cargo ply between San Francisco and the Central American ports, stopping there once or twice a month during the shipping season. On one of those we passed a pleasant, refreshing fifteen hours' journey to Chacahua, to reach which by land would have taken from four to five days' travel through an extremely hot stretch of coast country lacking water and lodging facilities. Chacahua is a shipping point for cotton of small import.

We spent May, June and July at Tututepec, Jamiltepec and Pinotepa Nacional, all small towns which live principally from the sale of cotton and cattle. They have suffered much during the political upheavals which began with the fall of Don Porfirio Diaz and for nearly ten years have been the center of constant revolutionary activities. Yet in all three I was better satisfied with business than I was in Pochutla.



Harbor of Puerto Angel

Ometepec, State of Guerrero, was our last stopping place and we lingered longer there than we at first had anticipated, though it proved to be a political hot-bed. There, perhaps more than in any other place, the romance of Old Mexico was exemplified to us. On bright moonlight nights love senti-

ments take a powerful hold on the young men of the town. They will hire the orchestra and a man to sing or recite for them if their own voices are not sufficiently melodious or eloquent to empty their feeling hearts to their "novias." All night long the music and singer or elocutionist will



Puerto Angel

take turns before the houses of the sweethearts of the different youths and play and sing love-songs or with feeling words express their innermost sentiments, though rarely spoken by the lover himself. Sometimes their romancing comes to a sudden end by the report of one or several pistol shots. Hardly a month went by which did not have two or three assassinations on its calendar, for either political

of his Negro-Indian help, we passed many a happy hour. Negroes were once shipped by the Spaniards as slaves through the port of Acapulco, Guerrero, and, when freed, they scattered among and mixed with the Indian tribes along the coast, but retained most of the characteristics of their African ancestors in features, color and habits, even to the construction of their dwellings. These are



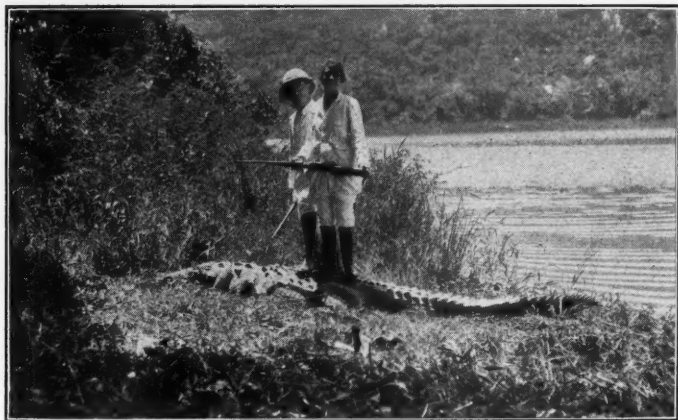
Among the "Kraals" of the Negro-Indian help we passed a happy hour

reasons or such triflings as the stealing of a cow, a donkey or a gun. The arm of justice does not reach into the out-of-the-way places of this country and every man takes the law into his own hands.

We were fortunate in getting well acquainted with a most hospitable young man, son of an American father and a Mexican mother, and owner of a large estate bordering on the shores of the Pacific. There, among the "kraals"

round, being built of bamboos or any other wood sticks and topped by a conical-shaped, straw-thatched roof.

Going after shark, of which our harpoonist caught but one young specimen about two meters long, and hunting alligator, jaguar, deer, wild duck and many other kinds of fowl were among our exciting pastimes. I am not a hunter and, in fact, dislike even the thought of killing any kind of creature in God's great, beautiful nature. Yet

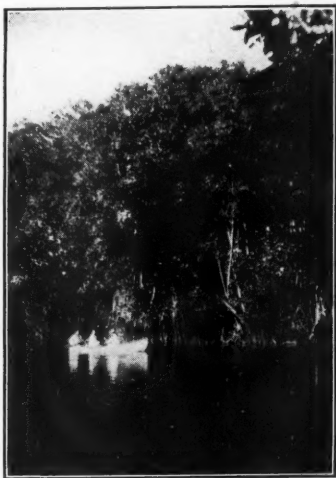


The twelve-foot alligator we caught

for the ugly alligator I have small pity and confess somewhat to a feeling of pride over my own trophy of a twelve-foot hide nailed up against the wall of our staircase. An ever-delightful outing was the rowboating over the many canals formed by an extensive network of lagunas, when we could watch the pelicans peacefully preening themselves in the sun-bathed tree tops or see the graceful heron fly over the placid waters, whose rare pink variety formed a beautiful and delicate contrast against the many shades of green of the jungle forest.

My office at Ometepe was in one of the "best" houses obtainable, situated on the main street. It was a barnlike building, typical of most of the houses of the larger coast towns, whose only decorative feature is the massive-looking, square pillars supporting a roof built over a white corridor. White-

washed adobe walls; porous brick floors, which are always humid; no ceiling overhead; instead of windows, several doors leading onto the street or into the back yard—these are the usual "finishings" of



Boating on the canal. See the pelican near the top of the tree

the rooms. Among the loosely put together, half-round bricks forming the gable roof are house bats which swoop down over your face in the night, scorpions, cockroaches three to four inches long, and many other kinds of insects unknown in colder climes. To describe the various, all but pleasant sensations experienced by their very presence, stings and bites

with crosses, each telling a mute tale of some murder committed from ambush, was perhaps a piece of luck.

We had lived a strange and fascinating life for ten months, but we were a happy couple when in November we started on our way to Mexico City. We were then used to many hours' riding, and I had bought some fine saddle-



Office at Ometepec

would take up too much space. Suffice it to say that, with all their malicious and venomous intentions and activities and in spite of the continuous and at times almost insufferable heat which caused us to perspire day and night, we always kept well and fit, though malaria is general and an almost unfailing disease among all natives and white people of that country. That we had never once been even molested on the many trails we had passed and which were marked

horses, so that a thirteen hours' continuous ride, with only one hour's rest for a late breakfast, did not find us overtired in the evening, though of course we were always glad to retire on our camp beds, usually put up on an outside corridor, sometimes facing the main street of the village, or inside the humble clay hut of a kindly Indian.

Happy feelings were bestirring us as we came upon the brisk activities of an American road-

building concern, near Tierra Colorada and, later on, into the clean room of a well kept hotel at Chilpancingo, capital of the State of Guerrero. We were actually to sleep again on a real bed, with mattress and springs, a luxury we had not indulged in since leaving Oaxaca. Canvas-covered cots are cooler and cleaner for the tropics.

Then to Mexico City, the beauti-

ful metropolis, whose noisy streets we walked again with the greatest pleasure. But, what is more, back to carved crowns, three-quarters, indirect inlays, porcelain-tipped facings, etc., and to a colleague who has the heart in the right place and with whom I can talk over and discuss my work. That is the real life for us, after all!

Calle Gante, 11.

Yachting on the Great Lakes

By Paul S. Lalonde, D.D.S., Rochester, N. Y.

Vacation, sport, competition, change, a rest—all in one and all in the open! That's the way I would describe my participation in the Freeman Cup Race, the long-distance race classic of Lake Ontario yachting. Yachting is a competitive and highly specialized sport, but to the layman a yacht race is not the most exciting thing in the world. Because I have never seen a vacation account about yachting in *THE DENTAL DIGEST*, I have determined to try in this contribution to present some of the thrills of yachting which can be appreciated by everyone.

I shall confine myself to an account of the long-distance race only, because, although it is possessed of a competitive character, it is primarily a cruise and hence devoid of too much technical yacht-racing detail, as would be accounts of the purely racing

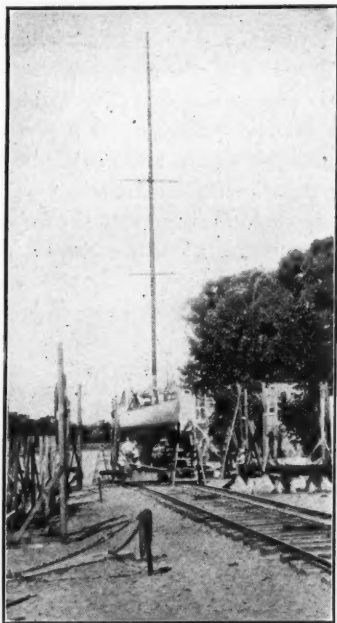
series over the usual nine-mile triangular course.

After an easy cruise from Rochester (N. Y.) to Toronto, the start of the race, the crew of my Class P boat, the *Olympian*, made things ready for the dash back to Rochester Light, some 100 miles distant. A fleet of nearly fifty craft of varying ratings presented itself at the starting line, forming a beautiful picture of a white-winged argosy against the early setting sun of late August.

We start out in almost a flat calm, with all possible canvas set. The barometer is falling. Little clouds appear that to the average man have no special significance. The wind freshens. The log clicks faster and faster. She keels further and further, until finally the wind begins to shriek. All hands are called. Light sails come down and our working canvas of jib and



The Olympian leaving the harbor



The Olympian hauled out on the ways for scrubbing and polishing in preparation for the big race

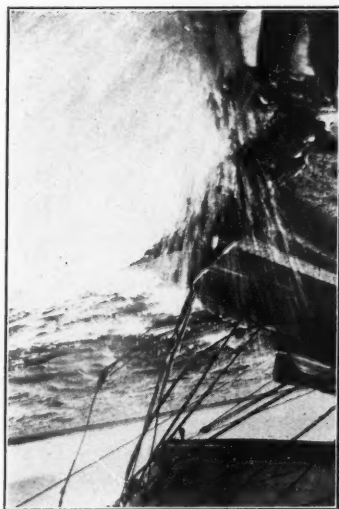
mainsail, about 1400 square feet, is now used. Wind shifts ahead now, which means tacking, with plenty of work both below and on deck in figuring out distances and courses, and finding and knowing at all times our exact location.

The rail is now well awash. Hang on—a loud crash from the galley, dishes all over! What a squall that was! And what a mess everything is below—bilge water, scrambled suitcases, pots, pans, etc.!

Solid water is now coming over our bow. Our amateur crew becomes rattled. The wind grows

stronger every minute, but this is a race and we must make time, so we still hang on to all canvas. Night falls now. Wind is colder and stronger every minute. Seas are bigger, and we are suddenly visited by an epidemic of mal de mer among the crew. We have only two of six left—the crew must now do triple duty. We sail on for hours. It's a wild night, pitch black without a star visible in the heavens. Everything is now awash and we are thoroughly soaked. By means of considerable manual dexterity two of our active members succeed in preparing and dispensing a hot concoction which they call "coffee."

The coffee combined with considerable physical assistance manages once more to bring all hands on deck. By this time a real gale



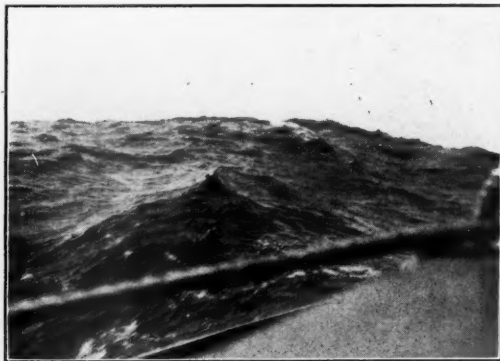
Looking aft. Father Neptune pays a call and drops a nice big wave on our bow.

is blowing. To shorten sail means the loss of valuable time together with a decrease in speed. In spite of our seven-ton keel we are bobbing merrily about, no doubt resembling at times a toy yacht in a gale.

Both log and chart indicate our wonderful progress, which helps materially to brace up the crew to pump ship and get rid of a good

Are we ahead of the fleet? Fifteen miles to go and shore now visible! We crack on more canvas, earnestly hoping that spars and rigging can stand the terrific strain. Crew thoroughly awake now, and a short swift sail with the boat half submerged soon brings us to the finish line.

One gun—are we first? We round up alongside the judge's



A wave just about to break. This picture was taken in the middle of Lake Ontario in a howling northwest gale, the largest wave ever seen by the writer in years of sailing in all sorts and sizes of craft

deal of excess Lake Ontario which we have been carrying. Things look bad, but we must crack on more canvas.

Sunrise at last, and with it increasing wind! The strain on both rigging and boat, with her tall seventy-two-foot mast, is now intense.

Examination with the glasses indicates that there is none of the fleet visible over our bow, so we turn our attention astern. Here we pick out several white suitings.

boat and hear the announcement that we are. All the work, discomfort and trouble of the previous day and night are soon forgotten and—well, it's a great, grand and glorious feeling to know that you've beaten the pride of Lake Ontario by a wide margin! A short nap, a wonderful dinner at the Club, reporters, cups, flags, prizes, none can hold the crew back any more—they are ready now for another race!

855 South Clinton Avenue.

My Vacation Trip

By T. D. Morrison, D.D.S., Cairo, Illinois

A few years ago I was inveigled by some of my friends into making a fishing trip into Northern Wisconsin. Of course I did not see how I could afford it, and

we consider our hottest and most-trying month) for a fishing trip in Northern Wisconsin. We rent a furnished but isolated log cabin on one of the smaller lakes and with the assistance of a specially companionable guide, a former lumberjack, who does most of the cooking and all the rowing, we spend a very delightful two or three weeks, fishing some every day for muscallonge, pike or bass, and occasionally having a battle with a ten- or fifteen-pound muscallonge.

Again we take an all-day fishing trip down the small river a few miles to the falls and are nearly



The writer and his fishing partner, August, 1925

felt sure my practice would go to the "bow-wows," so I stipulated that the trip must not take a day over two weeks.

Imagine my surprise when, on my return, I found that most of my friends and patrons did not even know that I had been away. So now my fishing partner and I take nearly all of August (which



The writer and his guide, August, 1925

always rewarded by seeing a deer or two, young ducks and occasionally a bald-headed eagle. And then we enjoy a pike dinner cooked in the open near enough to hear the music of the falls—what more can a fisherman want?

The next day we may make a trail trip to some of the near-by, outlying bass lakes through some untouched pine, hemlock and

birch forest, or at another time pick some of the wild red raspberries for our table.

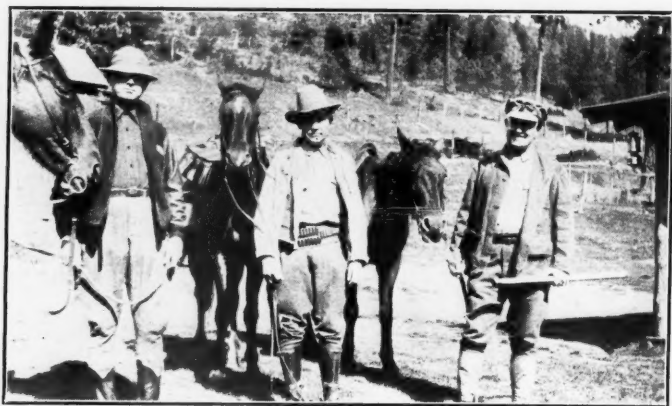
We enjoy best living on the lake where we fish most, as it allows us to do most of our fishing in the morning and late afternoon, spending the middle and hot part of the day out of the sun reading, writing or smoking our pipes, or perchance taking a nap.

Just a Vacation

By J. E. Storey, D.D.S., Beaumont, Texas

You folks asked for vacation stories. I am far from a story-writer, yet I am going to take a plunge by telling you of a place I know hidden away in the moun-

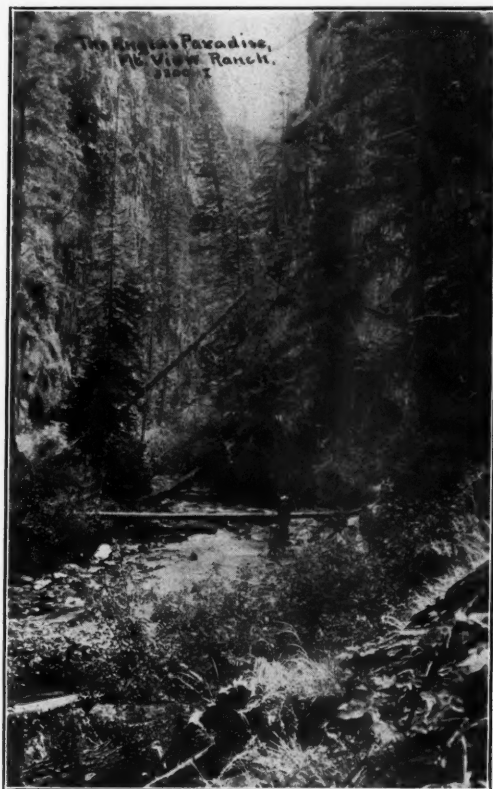
beautiful roads that old Betsy could wish to travel. This road winds up through the Glorieta Mountains, and it is some road—as smooth as a city street—and it



The writer in the center

tains, the most beautiful spot that one may ever wish to see. It is far from the sound of the steam engine, reached by one of the most

climbs and climbs until it reaches an altitude of 8500 feet. It climbs beside a little river, the Rio Pecos, that is full of speckled beauties,

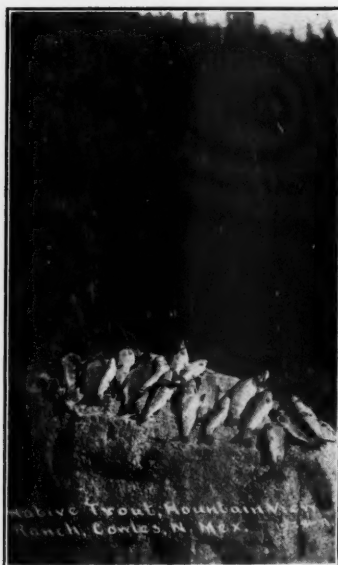


The angler's paradise, Cowles, N. M.

and those beauties would make your old Payne bend to many thrills and joys! That stream is as clear as her New Mexico skies and as cold as an Arctic dawn.

When you have reached the end of this beautiful road, you will find a hamlet, Cowles by name. There you may sojourn as many days as your pocketbook will permit, and from that little hamlet, in any direction your fancy may

take you, you will find many streams brought to life by the snow caps of those mountains that will yield a full creel, provided the man behind the rod knows the game. It's a game that will build again the broken nerves, give strength to the weary muscles, and make the jaded D.D.S. forget that he ever broke one off or lost a filling. That glorious country is the wine of life. It is the spot the



Native trout, Mountain View Ranch



Where we celebrated

Creator intended for a playground. It is the country in which one's soul becomes clean and pure, for it is God's country, the Great Outdoors, a country not yet ravaged by the hand of man. Oh, those streams! And that wonderful fishing! Boys, I just can't tell you any more, for I am "busting" to go.

Just a poem in prose from De Graco as an epilogue to my flight:

"No one but the man hep to the art of fly-casting knows the tingle of pleasure that takes possession when the first mad dash sends word that the fight is on. It's a man's game.

"On the other hand, no man that hasn't had death loom up unexpectedly can catch the significance of the lammin', lightnin'-

like struggle that goes on in the water 'til that slippery bit of fin is whipped to a frazzle—so all-gone that the desire to survive is forgotten in the wish for rest.

"It's a gamey fight—a sporty death. Little wonder we now and then fill his hide and grant him wall-space to preserve the memory of his short-lived contact with us mortals, so eloquent in the kind of living and fighting and dying that counts.

"And as we recount those moments, can we do less than hope there's a brook somewhere in a corner of the great beyond that is stocked with the gamey boys that have slipped out and over—who have left us such bully good memories of great days?"

Ten Days of Fishing

By W. H. Arthur, D.D.S., Franklin, Va.

On August 27, 1925, I took my eleven-year-old daughter and began my vacation, headed for a fishing trip. The first day we digressed a little and took a side trip to Yorktown, Jamestown and Williamsburg, as I wanted the child to see some of the historical places in these towns, and I, having gone to William and Mary at Williamsburg, was glad of the chance to go over this territory again myself. Leaving Norfolk by ferry for Newport News, nine miles across Hampton Roads, and striking a good concrete road, we were in Yorktown in less than two hours after leaving Norfolk. The points of interest here were the National Monument, commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis, the Nelson House now owned by Major Blow of Norfolk, the Moore house, the first custom-house established in the United States, from which all ships from an Atlantic port to foreign ports cleared for many years, as it was the only custom-house in the country, Cornwallis's cave and the battlefield of the surrender.

Going to Williamsburg, a thirty-minutes' ride, we found William and Mary College; the Eastern State Hospital, the first asylum for the insane in America; Bruton Parish Church, where the elite of colonial times went to worship; the old Powder Horn, raided by Dunmore; the sites of the Wythe

house, the Audry house, the Colonial Capitol, and many other points of interest too numerous to mention.

From there we went to Jamestown, another thirty minutes' ride, where the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities owns twenty-five acres deeded to them by Mr. and Mrs. Barney, owners of Jamestown Island. On this you will find the old church, now rehabilitated, and many of the tombstones are in a good state of preservation. There are statues to John Smith, Pocahontas, Powhatan, and John Rolfe, with several others of less importance. The Robert Hunt Memorial Shrine, commemorating the first Holy Communion in America, is perhaps the most beautiful thing on the reservation. I was fortunate enough to be at its unveiling about three years ago when many of the dignitaries of the Episcopal Church took part in the ceremony, which was, with its setting, one of the most impressive sights I have ever beheld. The Federal Government also has a monument here on an adjoining reservation.

It has been said that if the center of Hampton Roads be taken as a center, with a radius of thirty miles, it would embrace territory on which more incidents have taken place that have helped to shape the destiny of this country than any other territory of equal

size in the United States. It would embrace all of the places mentioned above, as well as the Norfolk Navy Yard, where the Monitor was reconditioned. The battle of the Merrimac and the Monitor was fought practically in the center of this area. The first General Assembly and, I think, the first trial by jury were held in this territory. It also embraces old St. Luke's Church in Isle of Wight County, which is the oldest Protestant church in America still in use. I had the pleasure of being in this church only a little while ago.

We returned to Norfolk that night, tired but happy, to get a start at nine o'clock next morning for the fishing grounds. We took the steamer to Cape Charles at nine a. m., where we got the train to Keller. From there we motored six miles to Wachapreague, the second largest town on the eastern shore of Virginia. There is a good hotel here, situated on a deep, bold salt-water inlet, which makes its way from the Atlantic through thousands of acres of salt-water marsh. I would suppose that it is about ten miles down this inlet to the ocean. There are excellent fishing grounds dotted here and there in the inlet, and the water inside is comparatively smooth at all times. The usual routine is to fish the tide out in the inlet and then go to sea, some going as far as ten miles out. At high water there is good channel bass-fishing just in the edge of the surf, if you happen to be a good

enough sailor not to get seasick. I had some misgivings as to taking the little girl in this place, but as I had had her on several other similar trips, I decided to take a chance and she proved to be a good sailor.

One day another man and I took a motor-boat and went directly to sea about seven miles to some pound net posts on the edge of a knoll. Here, in an hour and a half, we caught over 350 pounds of fish of various kinds, mostly flounders, weighing all the way from three and a half to nine and a half pounds. The assortment consisted of trout, spots, hogfish, sea bass, kingfish, croakers, bluefish and practically everything else that frequents these waters. The next day we went to the same place, but in a few minutes the wind hauled East and kicked up such a nasty sea that we had to run for the inlet.

The gamest fight I have seen here was by the proprietor of the hotel with a seventy-five-pound gray shark on a trout rod and reel with a forty-five-pound test line. They are hard to land, due to the fact that they have the faculty of cutting the line. It took an hour to bring this one to gaff.

There are plenty of motor-boats manned by veteran seamen to act as guides. Most of the boats are Navy-built thirty-footers and can take care of themselves and passengers in almost any kind of water. They are powered mostly with thirty-horse heavy-duty engines. There is a life-saving station on Parrymore's Island at the

mouth of the inlet, and they keep a lookout for the fishing fleet in case there should be trouble.

The place is absolutely informal, with no social obligations whatever to be met. You simply fish and eat and loll around. People come here from all over the United States. They are mostly past middle life, some of them coming

every summer for ten or fifteen years. It is hard to get any of them to talk about themselves or their business, which I interpret as a sign that they want to get away and forget the whole thing for a little while.

For absolute rest it can't be "beat," and I am going again in August!

Into the Mojave Desert in February

By J. C. Pasqueth, D.D.S., Mexico, Mo.

One day in February, 1926, my brother and I drove to the Hollywood residence of a friend, picked him up, and then went up over Cahunga Pass past Universal City,

one of Filmiland's big, busy places, through Lankershim, San Fernando and past the immense reservoirs, the reserve water supply of Los Angeles, where we saw also the



Entrance to Red Rock Canyon



Close view of our camp, Red Rock Canyon, near Ricardo

big concrete aqueduct winding, snakelike, under the road and on up into the mountains.

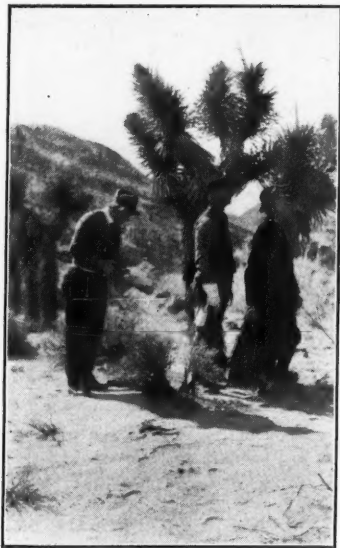
Driving on, still climbing, we passed through the Newhall Tunnel, then Newhall and Saugus, and then, turning to the right, on through Mint Canyon, a beautiful drive of some thirty miles, and on through Williams Pass to Palm-dale. We didn't have time to stop but pushed on to Mojave, 103 miles from Los Angeles. Getting out of our cozy closed car, we were surprised to find the wind blowing a gale and everything loose flying across our path. Filling up with gas, we were again on our way.

Leaving the cement highway, we went out over the Midland Trail, a very fine, hard-gravel, wide road. We saw again the snakelike Los Angeles aqueduct not far away to the left of the road. About thirty miles out of Mojave we stopped at

Red Rock Canyon, near a spring, our destination. Here, right under the shelter of the peculiar formation of the red and gray rocks, we pitched our tent. Under



"The Camel," Red Rock Canyon



"Joshua trees," a form of cactus,
Red Rock Canyon

an overhanging rock our collapsible gasoline stove and dining table were soon up and, with every one working, dinner was soon cooked. How we did enjoy it!

Finding neighbors camped near, we visited them. They were a World War veteran from Beverly Hills, his boy and the boy's friend, both Boy Scouts, and their Scout Master—four fine fellows—and we learned a lot from the evening's chat. One often meets, unexpectedly, in this grand California climate, just such splendid people out for a few days with nature. Two of our party slept in an auto bed in our car, the other on a cot in the tent. The Scout Master slept out in the open on a cot in his sleeping bag—that's February in California!

Next morning, after a dandy breakfast of wheat cakes, bacon and coffee, we three started afoot and explored those red rocks up several leads off the main canyon and up on top of many of them. Note in the pictures the odd-shaped rocks. One we called the "camel." Note the strata in the rocks, the desert and the "Joshua trees," as this form of cactus is called.

Getting back to our car, we drove to Ricardo, a water station of the Mojave Desert on the Midland Trail, and I noticed, when we filled our canteens, that we were filling from the "Noxage Spring." The Fountain of Youth is always being sought. Well, I didn't find it—'twas already there and labeled—but I drank of its water, and I'm a few weeks older at this writing, and we'll let it go at that!

Driving back about twenty miles



Looking out over the Mojave Desert,
with the Painted Canyon in the
foreground



On the Mojave Desert, California

over the road by which we had come, we turned to the right, off the highway, to the entrance to Painted Canyon. Again afoot the two fat Californians set a good pace for the skinny Missourian, but he went right along and we plunged into the wildest riot of colors on rocky walls that I ever saw — reus, yellows, purples, greens, grays, etc., all deep, rich colors. We found a regular mine up there, where the rocks of various colors had been recently mined and carried away to make paints and for use in other ways.

"Skinny" became so enthusiastic that he climbed some seven or eight hundred feet higher than his companions and got some excellent

kodak views out over the desert towards Randsburg. And a few weeks after our trip we read in the papers of the gold rush to the Randsburg vicinity. I'm safe back in Missouri, and all the gold I'll find is what may be in an old extracted molar!

After our day of scrambling up and down in two canyons, we drove to Mojave and there three thick steaks and trimmings were devoured with a relish, I can tell you! On we went into Los Angeles and we considered it one of the finest trips, done in a most beneficial way, for recreating new tissue and new thoughts, in a State full of *fine* trips—California.

104c North Jefferson Street.

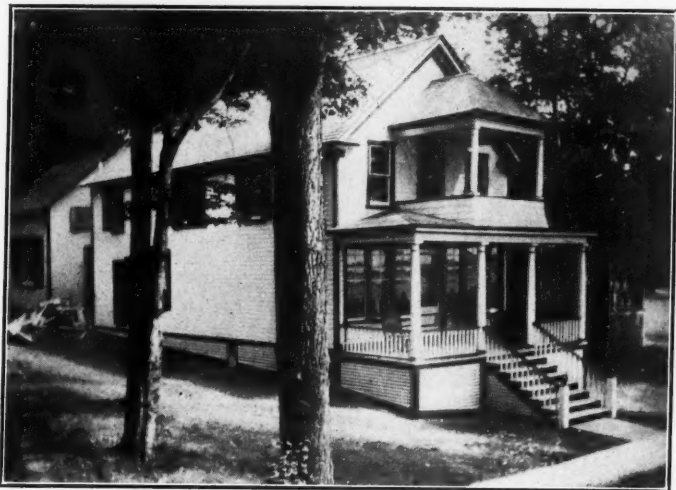


Vacationing on the St. Lawrence River

By Albert M. Wilbor, D.D.S., New York, N. Y.

It all started in this way — I had about finished an upper compound impression for Jack Phelps when Larry Dunham came in and threatened to take us to lunch, so we let him make good his threat, and as we were walking toward the Forty-second Street exit we bumped into Jimmie Clark elbow-

about the middle of May, and the conversation soon drifted toward that always delightful subject — vacations. Just then Jack ordered a broiled mackerel, we all smiled, and Larry said, "That reminds me," and at once the conversation followed his suggestion and we were off in reminiscences of fish-



The cottage on Grenell Island, rebuilt from an old grocery store, the home of fun and good times

ing his way toward an already crowded elevator. Realizing that Jimmie needed a good lunch and our company more than he needed to catch that elevator, we captured him to make our foursome and were soon seated around a little table.

It was a beautiful, clear day

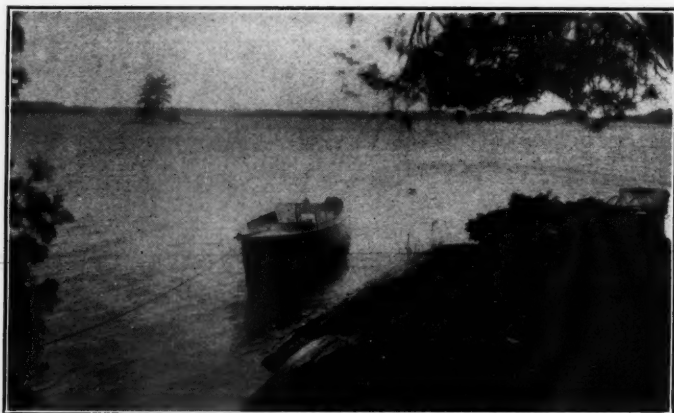
and camping trips and spinning yarns that would have made Ike Walton proud of us.

Each year for many, many years, Decoration Day week was the time set apart to go to Grenell Island in the St. Lawrence River to open our cottage for the season, and as it was not only a good-

time trip to look forward to but was also attended with considerable hard work in removing storm doors and the shutters, and in putting *Jane 2* in the water, I, being generously disposed to share both the hard work and the joys attendant upon such a trip, proposed that the other three join me and make a jolly time of it. Before that lunch was finished, Jack Phelps promised to leave his trans-

and at the end of five days we returned to our work refreshed, content and happy. That was quite some years ago, but the memories of that trip are still fresh, and even today we find rest and joy in talking of those good times about which a large volume could be written and fully illustrated with our many camera records.

Another year we planned a larger stag party when seven of us



Jane 2 at anchor, my companion on many a splendid fishing trip for many years

Atlantic shipping, Larry Dunham his Dental Digesting and Jimmie Clark his printing presses and help me shed the shutters, put *Janie* in the creek and coax the members of the finny tribe to engulf into their vitals the barbed hook.

We went, we worked, we played, we fished, we cooked and ate out of doors, we sat before the fireplace at night and spun yarns and planned tomorrow's fun, we slept soundly, we relaxed thoroughly,

left Grand Central Station and decorated Decoration Day for ten days at Grenell, and of this trip we shall write more fully. The "gang" was made up of six dentists and one near-dentist, that is, he spends his life near thousands of dentists every year, and so here's "Who's Who" taken from the log book of the trip—Dr. James P. (Royal Jimmie) Ruyk, Dr. A. Charles (Beck) Bechtold, Dr. Le Roy W. (Count) Duxtater,



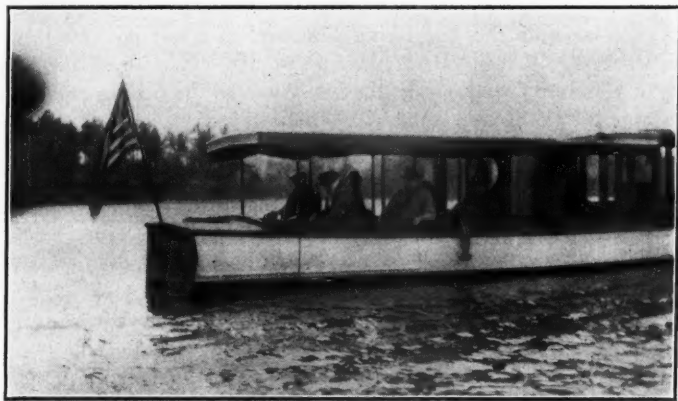
Captain Happ with his happy smile

Dr. Martin L. (Kernel) Collins,
Mr. Fred (Army) Armstrong, all
of New York City, Dr. Hobart P.
(Sandy) McPherson of LeRoy,

N. Y., and the writer, and a merrier bunch of fellows never made merry!

This year we were too many to do our own cooking and house-keeping and too large a bunch for *Jane 2* to carry without hitting one another with fishing rods or getting slapped with a cold, wet fish, so we made a pool and elected Sandy McPherson treasurer. Here's a Scotsman whose pockets were *NOT* lined with fish-hooks even if his hatband was. We arranged for a good cook and competent housekeeper and engaged Captain Charles Happ to come every day from Clayton with his handsome *Clara R*, a very comfortable forty-footer, to take five of the bunch with the baskets and dunnage while the remaining two of us trailed along in *Janie*.

But as a fishing trip really begins the minute we say goodbye to the home-folks, we shall try to tell this tale in the proper sequence of events and begin with our arrival



The gang aboard the *Clara R*.

at Clayton. There we were met by Captain Happ and the *Clara R*, which we soon had well loaded with good things to eat, not forgetting a large crate of big, fat Spanish onions. The morning could not have been more perfect—bright sunshine, birds a-twitter, a gentle breeze blowing up little whitecaps on the pretty blue-green water, the smell of spring in the air and every one of us wild with the enthusiasm of freedom from office and city and full of good cheer and songs in pleasant anticipation of a promised hearty breakfast at Grenell and of coming days and nights of fun and rest.

The short run of a few miles over to the Island passed quickly and the *Clara R* was docked at our own boathouse. I have never witnessed a happier gang of fellows as they carried up the luggage and the grub, picked their choice of rooms and roommates and were soon in sport-togs, while the tempting odor of frying bacon served as the breakfast bell. We did a chain-gang step around the big living room, singing "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here," and surely the gang was all there, for after all, men are but grown-up boys, and we sat down to breakfast. What we did to those good eats—well, at the end all of us could still chew, but few could swallow!

Toot, toot, clang, clang!! "Hoot mon," said Sandy, "it canna be a train on an illan'." No, Sandy, not a train on our island, explained Army—just Captain Happ blowing the whistle and ringing the fog

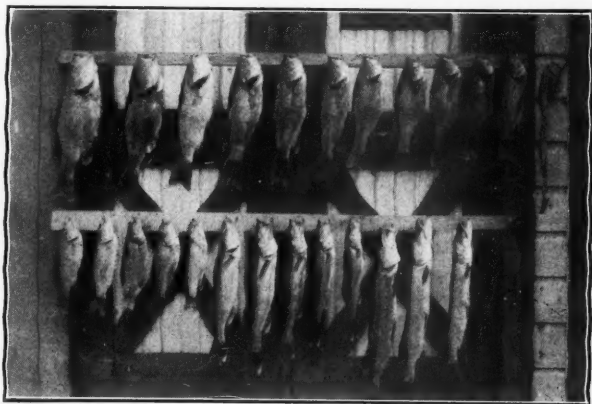
bell of the *Clara R* to remind us that he's at the dock, ready to take us for another glorious day on the water. Baskets, bottles, bait, fishing tackle, dunnage and men were soon aboard and the trip was to be up river to the foot of Wolf Island, where, Captain Happ assured us, he had dated all the fish to meet us at eight o'clock.

The day was another of the perfect variety, of which there are so many in that North Country, and the *Clara R* and the *Jane 2* put-putted along side by side as the gang, in high glee, kept time to the putting with songs and jokes while they rigged their tackle for the day's "work," that not a precious moment be lost when the splash of the mud-hooks going overboard gave notice that the music so dear to every fisherman—the sound of the spinning reel—was in order. "What ho!" cried the Captain, chewing his unlighted cigar vigorously, for he never smoked his cigars, but merely used them (so we thought) to retain his upper denture in a fair position to windward. His "What ho!" meant that we were on the fishing grounds and then splash went the forty-pound mud-hook as the Captain heaved her over the ship's side just as the purring of the engines ceased, and every man, with strong arm and baited hook, made his first cast for the day.

All was quiet except for the music of the gentle splash of the little waves against the bows, and Beck and Army were just landing their first catch, a fine pike and a

splendid pickerel, when Sandy, who was with me in *Janie*, said, "It looks to me as though the *Clara R* was moving," and turning I saw she had slipped her cable and was adrift. So up came our mud-hook and we towed the *Clara R* back to position and held her there while the skipper rigged a tackle and recovered his anchor. All was well, and at least the two fish taken by Beck and Army were in the boat and the first course of our shore dinner was assured.

a wonderful strike, a very large pickerel which he played carefully and with much skill brought this gleaming beauty alongside the boat while the skipper ran for the landing net and gaff-hook to bring the fish aboard. Just as he prepared to scoop him into the net, Jimmie whipped him on the tail, off he shot like a rocket and zing sang the reel as yard after yard spun out. "Hold him, Jim," shouted the gang. "Oh, I've got him hooked good," he replied, and he



String of 16 bass, five yellow pike and three pickerel caught in less than two hours

There was not a day of the whole ten when we were out of luck or fish, and when the noon whistle blew we usually had sufficient fish for several helpings all around, but on this day we were particularly fortunate and our catch showed several large pickerel and some splendid yellow pike, the latter being a great delicacy. Just before we went ashore Jimmie had

soon had Mr. Pick tired again and once more alongside. A second time the skipper thrust his net into the water and again, with a smile, Jim whipped the fish with the tip of his rod, and away he went! Now the skipper was fairly beside himself with wrath, he slammed the net on the boat floor, and, chewing his cigar smack in two, he shouted to me, "For the

love o' Mike, Doc, come aboard and hold this crazy man while I get that fish!" Well, Jimmie just monkeyed with that fish until he lost him and all the satisfaction the gang got was Jim's explanation, which they indignantly demanded.

"It's like this," said Jim. "When I was a kid I always wanted to drive race-horses, but I never got the chance, and when I saw how fast that big fish could swim I was suddenly possessed to

skipper cleaned and steaked the fish, each chap went about his work with a song until the woods rang and echoed with cheery voices and the ring of the Count's axe. Some gathered wood, while others rebuilt the old fireplace. Several fellows were spreading out the pots, pans and kettles, unpacking the baskets and setting the table. Soon the fire was started and, oh, that fragrant and delightfully pungent smell of old dry wood and oak leaves and pine



The gang around the festive board ready to make the attack. From left to right, they are "Kernel" Collins, "Bob" Wilbor, "Jimmie" Ruyl, "Count" Doxtater, "Army" Armstrong, "Beck" Bechtold, "Sandy" McPherson.

play him for a race-horse, haul him in, then lay on the gad and see him go."

Soon the boats were fast to an old dock and we were ashore with baskets and fish, scrambling up the bank and into the beautiful woods, where we found the remains of a fireplace. Each man had his appointed task in preparing a shore dinner, and while the

needles burning in the crisp spring air! The delicious smell of the frying bacon, salt pork and fish, while big fat onions baked in the coals and the big kettle of boiling 'taters almost steamed its lid off!

"Come and get it!" yelled the skipper as he pounded the table with a frying pan, and you should have seen "us animals" make a dash for that spread of good



Six a. m. on a cold morning in May



One day "Sandy" and the writer cooked the feed.



Bobby's first fish, a pickerel 23 inches long, caught at Grenell

things. Oh, what joy to sit around that festive board, canopied above by leafy bowers and great pines, while the Captain served us with course upon course of good things, winding up with a half bushel or more of his famous French toast with maple syrup for dessert!

These bright days passed all too soon, but we had filled them with happiness and our minds with pleasant memories, and with a last look at dear old Grenell we turned our faces toward New York and our work. Ten days could hardly be called a real vacation, but it

came in to break the strain of the long winter's work, and no doubt each of us found himself the possessor of great energy and greater ambition to carry on.

It is my good fortune to be one of the fourth generation of my family to spend our vacations on the St. Lawrence River, and the accompanying photo shows my little son Bobby, at the age of three years and six months, with his first big fish caught last summer while out fishing with me in *Janie*.

I do not feel I can close this story without telling you all of my great desire and life dream which I hope some day will come true. It is this—I have always wanted to own a whole big island on the St. Lawrence River where I can build a central eating cabin and assembly hall surrounded by about fifty smaller three-room-and-bath cabins, so that dentists and their families throughout the world might come and rest and enjoy themselves fishing and taking trips on the river from Lake Ontario to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and where men could gather not only during the summer but for a short rest in the Spring, and again for the splendid duck-shooting in the Fall, and sit by the fire and chat and smoke in the long, pleasant evenings in committee meeting or in convention to plan for better dentistry.

597 Fifth Avenue.



Vacation in Wisconsin

By Frank U. Emley, D.D.S., Belle Plaine, Kansas

On June 25, 1925, my wife and I left Belle Plaine, Kansas, with a tank full of gasoline and our hearts full of joy, on another real vacation, prepared to camp out.

We breakfasted with friends in Cambridge, Kansas, and made first camp that night at Joplin, Mo. Proceeding north, we camped in the large Swope Park at Kansas

and visited a button and chicken grit factory in Prairie Du Chien, Wisconsin.

We found Madison, Wisconsin, a beautiful summer resort, nestling among four pretty lakes. The magnificent Capitol building is floored with colored mosaics and from the dome a fine view is to be had of the city, lakes and sur-



Ready to go

City, Mo. In Allerton's (Iowa) clean, shady tourist park, it was 60° on the 17th of July, the coolest weather since leaving home.

McGregor, Iowa, is in a canyon three and a half miles long, which leads to the Mississippi River, where they need a bridge badly, since some 20,000 autos at \$1.00 each are ferried across each year. We took a boat ride on the "Father of Waters," then ferried across

rounding country. A great variety of animals and birds are in the Zoo at Henry Vilas Park.

Upon reaching Columbus, we found one of the nicest tourist parks we had ever been in, and it was free! While there, we went through the Columbus Cannery, and the speed with which the machinery removed the husks and then the grains of corn wasn't slow! It was all very interesting.

The stream at this place seemed alive with carp, and upon recollecting that carp are mostly vegetarians I soon had a fine string of three-pounders.

At Waupun we were taken into the prison—as visitors. There were 80 women and 830 men prisoners. The dining room seats 800 at a time. They bake all the bread for themselves as well as for the hospital for criminal insane. The bread is handled by white-gloved trusties, and they have orchestra music during meals. There was perfect order and cleanliness

with relief when we were safe outside.

The hemp fields in the neighborhood of Waupun look like nice fields of ragweed instead of a valuable crop. The blue-grass and clover pastures, with no weeds in them, and the thousands of well-improved dairy farms stocked with ten to thirty Holstein or Guernsey cows, sheep and geese, and also the graded lawns around the farm houses, which were kept cut, were unusual sights to us. During July and August the vegetation did not seem to be suffering from dry

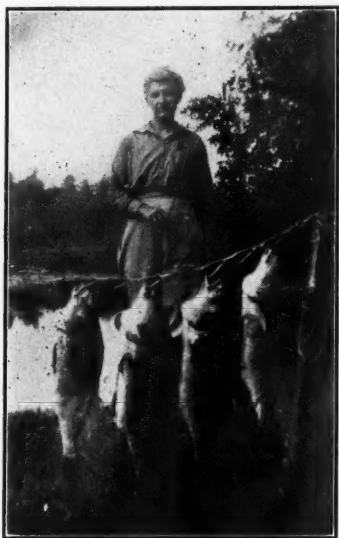


Campground at Sauk City, Wisconsin

everywhere. They make shoes, hosiery, binding twine; they also make and paint all the State road-markers, auto tags, and forest reserve signs. During the summer they have ball games with outside teams Saturday afternoons and in winter picture shows on Sunday mornings. No doubt many of them live better within this prison than they ever did while they had their freedom. My wife sighed

weather or heat, as in Missouri and Kansas.

At Poy Sippi, on Pine River, and at Tustin, on Lake Poygan, and its tributary streams we had good wall-eyed pike, Northern pike and bass fishing. The larger game fish were teething (?) during July and August, but this fact did not seem to make them peevish enough to bite. In this locality cool, running water is obtained by



On Pine River, Wisconsin

driving a well point down 50 to 300 feet and fountains are to be seen everywhere.

When we got to Lake Shawano, only baby sunfish were biting, so we drove north through the Menominee Indian Reservation, where there are 2500 Indians.

After camping at Antigo, we went north to Crandon and then south to Rolling Stone Lake, where we caught a few wall-eyed pike. Then we visited Pickerel Lake and went over to Oconto Falls. While in camp, there was a terrible wind-storm preceding rain, which reminded us of home. Letting the tent down saved it from being torn to pieces.

While circling around to Sturgeon Bay, we had many nice views of Green Bay. Returning south a little, along Lake Michigan, we drove over to the west side of Lake Winnebago and fished a while. Proceeding south, we passed through a pretty country and finally arrived at Lake Geneva, Wis., a famous summer resort for Chicago people, as it is only 70 miles away. The clear, sparkling water of this lake was so inviting that I just could not resist the impulse to swim.

Six miles west, we visited another nice little summer resort, Williams Bay on Lake Geneva.



At Rolling Stone Lake, Wisconsin



In camp at Keokuk, Iowa

and upon a hill near by we visited Yerkes Observatory, given to the University of Chicago by Charles T. Yerkes at a cost of \$500,000. The larger domelike building contains the largest telescope in the world, which has a 40-inch lens. The great tube is 65 feet long and weighs 40,000 pounds, yet the whole instrument is so evenly poised that it can be moved by the hand to any angle. The dome of

the observatory is 90 feet in diameter. Under the telescope is a floor that may be raised or lowered by means of electric motors to whatever height would be most convenient for the star-gazer. The great dome itself is likewise movable, being mounted on car wheels which run on a track around the inside.

In Wisconsin there is evidence everywhere that glaciers once



Mississippi River Power Development, Keokuk, Iowa

plowed across the State, gouging out innumerable lakes and depositing large, round stones in bunches all over the State. In course of time followed the prehistoric Indian mound-builders, who left many evidences of their work in the southern part of the State. The summer climate is delightful, but in the low, woody places the mosquitoes are numerous, large and blood-thirsty.

The Wisconsin people are very hospitable. We were invited into four homes by absolute strangers. The farms, towns, lakes, streams and vegetation are beautiful and accessible over 27,000 miles of good gravel or cement roads well marked. Every town has one or more industries employing sometimes several hundred people; this payroll income, together with the

dairying income of the farmers and not a little income from tourists, can not help but bring prosperity to the inhabitants. I was surprised to find so few of the industries hooked up to water power. The southern lakes are better swimming lakes than fishing lakes; the northern lakes are just the reverse.

We recrossed the Mississippi River at Burlington, Iowa, and at Keokuk, Iowa, we took a good look at the immense Mississippi River Power Plant and the Government Lock and Dry Dock.

Upon reaching home, September 12th, we found that we had been gone eighty days, made camp thirty-eight times, traveled 3,820 miles, with a total weight of 4,000 pounds, and had used 190 gallons of gasoline—with no casualties.

Another 2000 Miles

By A. E. Atkinson, D.D.S., Buffalo, N. Y.

Last year was no exception to the rule of the past twenty years, so on August 1st out went the sign on my door

DR. A. ———
ON VACATION
RETURN ABOUT AUGUST 30TH.

"Where are you going this year?" comes from the chair a hundred times during July. Answer: "Why, we have that planned a year or two ahead." East, then West,

around the Great Lakes—75% of our routes take us over roads new to us, and where we know no one. Lakes Erie and Ontario have been circuited many times, concluding with a ten days' rest "over 'ome" on the Canadian farm.

The previous year we studied historical sites along Lakes George and Champlain, saw how the French were driven out of the country towards Quebec in 1759, and spent three days in Ottawa, thence to Kingston and Toronto.

Our 1925 trip was to take us "out where the West begins" and to study life in the great city of Chicago, going via the National Highway from Pittsburgh to Indianapolis.

We got our big sedan all tuned up to perfection, threw our gas pipes* (framework for our bed) under the rear seat, packed two large suitcases, and reached Pitts-

burg out by 10:30 a. m. We got to Forbes Field an hour and a quarter ahead of time and saw the home team come from behind and win two games. The next two days were spent quietly with headquarters at Carnegie, and then we got an early start and reached Washington, Pa., for breakfast.

Hats off to Pennsylvania for their scenic highways! We found,



(4) (3) (2) (1)
1—The writer. 2—His daughter. 3—His wife. 4—His son

burgh (280 miles) the first day in order to see a National League game with Brooklyn the next day. That morning we inspected old Fort Pitt at the Allegheny-Monongahela River junction, and also visited the Carnegie Museum.

Pittsburgh fandom appeared crazy—as they were scenting the pennant. All reserved seats were

after smoking our brakes, that "second gear" was common horse-sense on those down grades between Erie and Pittsburgh. We sailed along at times at 40 and 45 miles an hour and cars passed us by. These hills ended as we passed through the anthracite fields of West Virginia, Wheeling and Zanesville.

That night we slept in the tavern at Lafayette, Ohio, in the same room occupied by President

*Our simple method of fixing up the car for sleeping was fully printed in *The Dental Digest* in June, 1925.

Van Buren on one of his official visits. Even though this highway is level and straight, we counted over 150 white crosses on the roadside, each indicating the death of some traveler. By this method Ohio warns its motorists to drive with care.

We found Dayton, Richmond, and Indianapolis thriving cities. It is a pleasure to drive on their wide main streets. We spent a couple of hours at the Indianapolis Motor

dark rich loam being adapted to such crops. Here we ran into some rainstorms, so that we were the color of the earth on reaching Illinois.

In Chicago we parked at a hotel down in the busy loop for three days, where we could see the city night and day at its best. We motored the full length of Michigan Avenue as far as Highland Park. You have to shoot quickly on the signals, or they will run you over.



Farmhouse and surroundings, where we relax for ten days each year, twenty miles north of Toronto

Speedway, operating the greatest race course in the world, where annually about thirty contestants with machines and drivers primed for physical endurance compete for a \$40,000 prize flying around this $2\frac{1}{2}$ -mile oval brick track at a rate as high as 125 miles per hour. The stands will accommodate 150,000 people.

Night brought us again to the pretty city of Lafayette on the Wabash, but this time in Indiana. In this Hoosier State we saw corn, more corn, most corn, the low,

"You'll get killed if you try that in Chicago," one traffic officer remarked, as I inadvertently passed a red light one morning.

We went through the park system on the elevated railways and were guided through Marshall Field's store, a walk of five miles. Chicago's tall buildings, business blocks, theatres, all seem not to be outdone by any other city on earth.

Returning East, we came via Benton Harbor and Kalamazoo to Battle Creek, where we inspected Dr. Kellogg's Sanatorium, on

through Jackson, Ann Arbor, Detroit, to Mount Clemens, where we spent the night; thence to Sarnia (40 miles) before breakfast, thence to London and Woodstock (Ont.), where a welcome rest of ten days put us in good shape to commence the routine of office work again.

Now, Brother Dentists, can you afford to miss vacation? I can't! Travel now while you're young. Your health is your wealth. Count

for roasting meats, rest rooms, refreshments, picnic grounds, sleeping apartments, kitchenettes, gasoline, oils, etc. Here you meet people in condition similar to your own—a thousand miles from home, probably a fraternal brother—and compare notes. You will learn more about "America's rocks and rills, her woods and templed hills" in a week's autoing than in your office in two years. Your impacted



Our old farmyard

the cost. Except in Pittsburgh and Chicago, two of us slept in the car every night and the other two slept in "Rooms for Tourists" houses whereby expenses were cut down 75%.

Tourists' camps are popular. Many are fitted up with barbecues

molars and corner restorations are remote and almost forgotten!

Remember, Ontario has a fine, wide, paved road from Windsor to Montreal just completed, where you will receive a cordial Canadian welcome at their many tourist camps. Try it some time!

1364 Fillmore Avenue.



A Camping Trip in the Northwest

By W. W. Wright, D.D.S., L.D.S., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Summer vacation! Those words bring many happy memories to my mind. Ever since I was a kid I've been fond of the great outdoors. I come by it honestly, for my dad was fond of his rod and gun. My wife, too, likes it, so it is the most natural thing that our two girls, now ten and thirteen years of age, just beam when we talk of trips. Previous to last summer we had taken several motor-camping trips, but a 1200-mile circle had been our longest tour of that kind. Our camping equipment was becoming more and more complete and suitable, so that when we planned a trip from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast, we were not worried much about our outfit.

I have an old chum practicing veterinary surgery in Los Angeles and I stumped him to meet me in Vancouver for holidays. He immediately accepted and our trip began to be planned in earnest. Our car is a light six touring type. During the trip in the mountains we let the top down some days, thereby enjoying the scenery to the limit. A lot of the fun of a trip is in the planning, and my wife and I schemed together how to carry our load, what we could do without, what we'd wear, etc., etc. Years ago we had constructed a cabinet, which we mounted on the running board on the driver's side of the car, in which we carried all our eatables,

gallon thermos, and had a section for auto needs, including extra gas, oil, grease, etc. Here also was a place for tent-poles, spade, axe, chains, etc., in an irregular space behind the box.

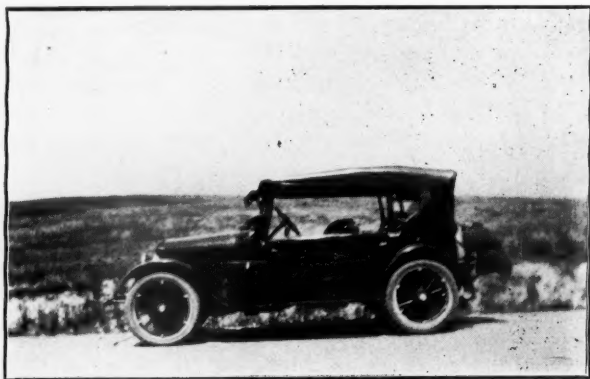
I wanted the right side free, and yet I wanted more room for storage of extra clothing required on a long trip. Finally I discovered that I could place a long, flat box about six inches deep on the running board and still open the doors freely, so I had a box constructed to fit the space available. It measured 62 inches long, 4 inches deep inside, 13 inches wide at one end and 17 inches wide at the other. The top was arranged like a lid, covered with waterproof material and ribbed aluminum where stepped on, so that no water could get in at all. It made a dandy place for flat things such as skirts, trousers, etc.

Extra straps were put in the top crossbars to carry a hat or anything we might wish to put there. A large pocket divided into four sections was made in the top of the car by carrying material tacked to one crossbar and buttoned to the next. Flaps were so arranged in this pocket that the dust was kept out. The four sections contained our night garments, one section for each of us. When the pocket was unbuttoned, it came down to the back of the front seat and acted as a screen.

I have an extension trunk carrier which I put on the back of the car. On this I carry my tent, blanket and stakes, all of which are first roped inside a heavy waterproofed tarpaulin. Getting your load well balanced and distributed on the car is an important feature on any trip, but particularly so on a long journey. We traveled 6000 miles between June 30th and August 14th, camping out all the

phone, no nothing—just travel till we feel like stopping, get up when we feel like it!

Leaving Winnipeg, we traveled south, crossing into the United States at Pembina and camping the first night at Grand Forks, N. D. June was a very rainy month last year, so road reports at Grand Forks directed us to reach Fargo by crossing into Minnesota and back into North Dakota at



Loaded for camping

time and being well repaid for paying attention to details before starting. Each of us kept notes of things we wanted to have on the trip or to attend to before going. These were checked over before leaving, saving us a lot of worry.

Well, finally school was out, the office work completed, everything packed, the house locked and, with many good wishes from neighbors, we were off on June 30th. My, what a grand and glorious feeling! No appointment book, no tele-

Fargo. My membership ticket for the Manitoba Motor League presented at any auto club always resulted in the kindest and most considerate directions regarding the best routes, saving us from running into unnecessary difficulties. Also credentials from a Motor League or some Government office are mighty handy if crossing the international boundary, as one is spared unnecessary interference or suspicion. We crossed the international boundary four times

on this trip, receiving the most courteous treatment from officials of each country.

Leaving Fargo, we traveled west, our itinerary including the following major places of interest: Bismarck (N. D.), Billings (Montana), Cody, Yellowstone Park (Wyoming); Idaho Falls, Pocatello, Boise (Idaho); Umatella, The Dalles, Portland (Oregon); Tacoma, Seattle (Washington); Vancouver, Victoria, (B. C.); Wenatchee (Washington); Okanagan, Penticton (B. C.); Rossland, Nelson, Cranbrook, Lake Louise, Banff, Calgary, Moose Jaw, Regina, Estevan, Brandon, and home again. That's a lot to say in a few words, so further remarks are required.

In spite of careful planning it took a few nights of making camp and packing up to get down to a system, to find the most suitable places to carry certain articles, to do things in the best order, etc. I had the back of the front seat cut and hinged so that we can use the cushions to make a splendid bed in the car. I can prepare this bed ready for the blankets in less than two minutes and put it up again in one minute. The girls sleep in the car, my wife and I use a double folding camp-bed in an umbrella tent. I had the centre pole made in three pieces instead of the usual two so that when apart it would pack in shorter space.

We did not set a certain mark to reach each day, but just traveled along until about two hours before

dark, when we would pull into campgrounds. It so happened on one or two occasions that we did not like the looks of the campgrounds first visited and would pass along to the next town or two. While my elder girl of thirteen assisted me to make camp, the younger (ten) helped her mother to prepare the meals. We always had a good dinner at night and a good breakfast. Usually we prepared the noonday lunch at breakfast time, sometimes stopping to eat it, sometimes eating as we traveled, as on some very hot days it was more comfortable to be moving along than standing still. It was generally between nine and ten o'clock in the morning before we were on the road, although many tourists made much earlier starts. Driving a car all the time would not be an ideal holiday for a dentist, but to be relieved of the wheel by my wife for two or three hours in the middle of an eight- or nine-hour trip made it possible to enjoy everything. The roads are well marked, it being easy to follow a certain highway, but care was required when passing through cities or large towns.

Our object in making the trip was not only a holiday to meet our friends at the Coast, but to give the children an education not obtainable by looking at pictures, books, or in reading. They had seen lots of pictures of mountains, cascades, heavy timber, big fish, and had read of what was done by irrigation or how coal was mined, but what they know of these things



Yellowstone Park
"Old Faithful" after eruption

now is *real*. At Yellowstone National Park they saw their first real mountains, they saw geysers, mud volcanoes, wonderful pools and the other wonders of that extinct volcanic region. I'd like to spend a month right there! They saw great desert wastes of sand and sage-brush turned into orchards at places by the scientific addition of water. "Sand and sage-brush plus water equals apples" was the way the older girl did her algebra.

The drive along the Columbia River was a great sight. The roses of Portland, the Burchard Gardens of Victoria, the creatures of the sea that we saw in the cold storage

at Seattle, all were as amazing as the great stands of timber we rode through on Vancouver Island. After driving 200 miles north of Victoria on Vancouver Island, we discovered we were only half-way up the Island. Nowhere, not even in Washington, have I ever seen such timber as on Vancouver Island. Our road wound through very heavy growth for fifteen miles in one particular spot, where I was surprised by a sign on an "ordinary" tree. On first thought I suspected that some of those trees would have a thousand feet of lumber in them. On some further mental calculation I figured that possibly the very largest might have maybe 3000 feet of lumber. Imagine my surprise when I read this printed sign placed by forest rangers on an "ordinary" tree:

This DOUGLAS FIR TREE IS
6 Ft. in Diameter
18 Ft. in Circumference
220 Ft. High and contains
10,000 Board Feet of Lumber.

On inquiry of a forest ranger in Washington, I was told that the best Douglas fir was worth \$90.00 a thousand at the mill. What is one tree worth?

I have seen the mountains between New York and Los Angeles, some of the mountains (?) of England, Scotland and France, but nowhere on this continent are there mountains of such towering magnitude and splendor as in the Banff region of the Canadian Rockies. There were 530 tents at the Banff camping grounds one day while we were there. Three times previously I had been in this



Okanagan Valley, south of Penticton,
B. C.

region by train, but to travel by auto and camp was the best yet. It was in Alberta, too, that we got the opportunity to go down a coal mine and get first-hand information on how our coal is mined. Passes were secured for a valuable trip through the immense smelter at Trail, where more than two thousand men are employed reducing gold, silver and lead ore to ingots. These are things one could read about and see pictures of until one was grayheaded and yet not get the practical knowledge that is obtained by actually seeing them. Our summer holiday is a family affair, and we have our bird and

flower books with us and try to get first-hand knowledge of the country we are in—it's educational, mighty interesting, too!

Fishing? Yes, I had my tackle with me, but did not get much time to use it. You see, it wasn't just *my* holiday. However, I tried my luck one morning in Yellowstone Park. No luck! But at Forkes Landing on Vancouver Island we got seven trout and two salmon in a couple of hours. I could tell you about the good fishing we get at the Lake of the Woods near Winnipeg in May or November, after salmon trout that weigh from ten to forty pounds—yes, forty pounds! We (six



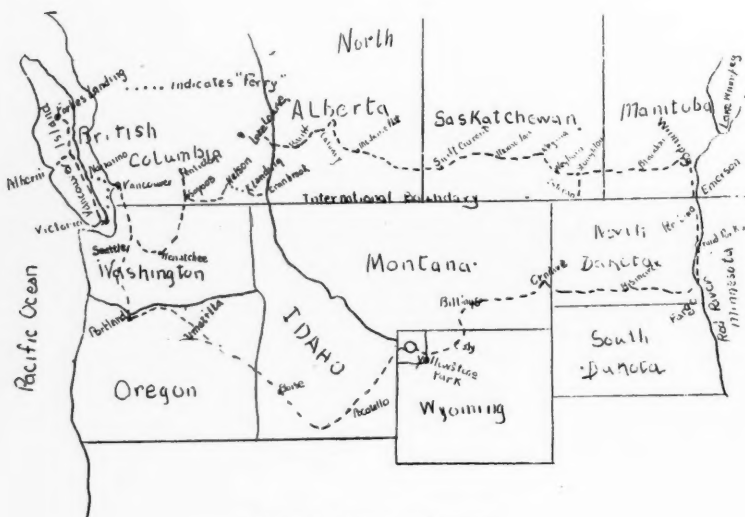
The writer and his wife at Lake Louise

men) camp away out on one of the islands for a week with no telephone, no appointment book, no newspaper—but that's another story!

We planned to be at home on August 15th, but scheduled ourselves for the 14th in case of delay by storms or breakdown. Neither occurred, so we pulled in home again on the 14th of August, hav-

trip to the Coast was the best yet.

I am going to tell you what it cost, as that may be as important to you as it was to us. We lived well, using fresh fruits and vegetables galore, bought two extra cord tires and tubes, paying duty on same; used ferries or steamboats three times at cost of about \$50.00, had a broken spring and minor repairs of about \$20.00, paid regis-



Map showing our itinerary

ing had the chains on only once for about an hour, wonderful weather, good health, and a great trip. Our actual traveling time was about twenty-eight days. Stops at Yellowstone Park, Vancouver and several other places prevented any tiresomeness. We've had several good holidays, but even at this date we still vote that the round

tration dues at camps and parks, and were away from home six and a half weeks, during which time our total expenditure for this great holiday was \$400.00. We may forget the cost, but we'll never forget the trip! It combined health and education for the whole family.

908 Boyd Building.

Through Broad Plains and Narrow Passes

By G. P. Walker, D.D.S., Assumption, Ill.

Having read with pleasure in THE DENTAL DIGEST of so many other dentists' delightful vacations in previous years, I decided last summer that my family and I must have a good vacation.

We cut the front seat of the car so that it would lay back and make a full-sized bed for the adults, took a side tent and two camp cots for the two kiddies and started out.

hot summer day. Anyone desiring a taste of the hereafter should certainly motor through there on such a day. Then we went up through the Black Hills to Belle-fourche, S. D., for the Tri-State Round-up. Here we learned what the West used to be. The cowboys, cowgirls and Indians gathered in for a three-day contest of riding, roping and racing, all of



Black Hills, South Dakota

We speeded along on some of Illinois's sixty - million - dollar roads, crossed the Mississippi river at Clinton, Iowa, and crossed that State, "where the West begins and the tall corn grows." We ferried across the Missouri River in South Dakota and had our first taste of alkali water and saw our first jack-rabbit. We motored through the Bad Lands of South Dakota on a

which brings back the old days of the Wild West. Chief Crazy Horse and his tribe of Indians were the delight of the children, who enjoyed visiting their camp and watching their weird dances. They did not, however, enjoy the sight of their fly-blown meat hung up to dry in the hot sun. It made a lasting impression on their minds.

We then drove into Wyoming



Muddy Pass, Big Horn Mountains, July 5, 1925

and on to Buffalo, at the foot of Big Horn Mountains, which we crossed at Muddy Pass, at an elevation of 9666 feet. Here, on July 5th, we played in the snow and gathered beautiful spring flowers. The bluest of forget-me-nots were blooming within a few feet of the snow. A botanist from the Pennsylvania State University had gathered fifteen other varieties of flowers at this same elevation. The air was very light, and running even a few feet made breathing an effort. On our descent we witnessed the beautiful sight of a storm below us in the valley. Descending farther, we entered this storm, which made the road

on the edge of the cliff very slippery and apparently dangerous to our plainsman's optical nerve. We banished any further attempt to travel that afternoon and camped at a sawmill by the side of a rushing, roaring mountain stream. In these mountains we saw a flock of sheep, numbering up into the thousands, and also our first wild deer. Here the boy picked up a pair of deer horns. Crossing the desert, covered with sage-brush and cactus, we saw our first sage-hens and prairie dogs, and the boy found a rattlesnake and lost no time in obtaining its rattles for a souvenir.

On the Cody road into Yellow-



Shoshone Canyon, Wyoming

stone Park we were delighted with the beauties of the Shoshone River, canyon and dam. The canyon was so deep and the road seemed to us so narrow that we scraped the paint off the car hugging the inside cliffs. But in reality the road was plenty wide for two cars to pass comfortably and we soon lost that fear of dropping over the edge. Entering the Park, we

again climbed into snow and passed through cuts where snow had been blown out with dynamite earlier in the season. We stopped and fished at the Fishing Bridge, enjoyed the beautiful Grand Canyon, Old Faithful, Hot Springs and the beautiful terraces, and saw plenty of bears, wild deer, a wild moose and the penned-up buffalo.



Snow in Yellowstone Park, July 8, 1925



Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park

Leaving the Park at West Yellowstone, we motored down the beautiful valley, past irrigated farms, to Salt Lake City. Here we visited the Mormon Temple Block. We enjoyed a delightful organ recital in The Tabernacle and heard the pin fall and the whisper of the guide 200 feet away

the Chicago College of Dental Surgery watching the bathers and enjoying the salt breezes.

Leaving Utah, we motored across Wyoming, Nebraska, part of Kansas, Missouri into Illinois and home. We had lived in the open for four weeks and were all physically fit, with a healthy



Afloat in Salt Lake

from us. We also visited the State Capitol and saw the noted Sea Gull Monument.

We motored out to Saltair and took a swim, or rather a float, in Salt Lake. On coming up to the fresh water shower to remove the briny water from my eyes, I was delighted to find Dr. Pendleton of

brown color. The kiddies learned more geography than they could have learned in a year of school. We felt well repaid. At the end of the year our profits were more than the previous year when we had worked a full year, with only a few week-ends and Thursday afternoons for vacation.



Six Thousand Miles in a Shimmyin' Lizzie

By Harry Carrol Mohr, D.D.S., Cambridge, Mass.

It was five o'clock in the morning, on the 5th of July. How we had longed for, planned for, dreamed of and waited for that day! Motor travel and camping were an old story to us. The hills of New Hampshire had echoed to the roar of our gas-buggy's exhaust, the lakes of Maine had mirrored our camps, and our own old Bay State had known us as nomads every season of every year since Paul had taken his first long ride resting in a canvas swing stretched from the sides of the big body of the first car we ever owned. He was three months old, and it is a wonder that we were not arrested for cruelty to children. Oh, how the tongues wagged! "The idea of taking that baby out to sleep in a tent!" etc. We let 'em wag while we traveled and camped, using ordinary sense, and we could never see but that he enjoyed his bottle just as much on the top of Whitcomb Summit as he did at home—he certainly slept better there! So even he with his fifty thousand or more miles to his credit was an old-timer at the game on this particular July morning. But still I think that, seasoned as we all were, the gray morning fog of that July day found us each a bit excited. Even for us this trip was "Hitting the Long Trail," with a vengeance.

"Did you set the speedometer?" the lady who furnishes the gas from the back seat wanted to know.

"Where are we going to stop for breakfast?" was Paul's worry.

"A lot of water will flow under the bridges before we get back to Cambridge," was the high school freshman's "scholaristic" comment, and the dentist-chauffeur tried to remember what he had forgotten.

It's a long way from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Woonsocket, South Dakota, which was our objective, although it so turned out that before we got back we had pushed the nose of our Lizzie just over the line into Wyoming, "just so that we can say that we have been there." Figures are, as a rule, tiresome, but lest I offend some interested statistician, I will give the few necessary to his enjoyment of the story.

The car was just one of the common garden variety of Ford touring that the fellow in your next street owns, but we had made some changes in the body. The back of the front seat was cut and hinged so that Paul and his ma could use it for a bed, and a side tent with two cots took care of the big fellow and his dad, the dentist. We drove from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the Wyoming line, just a bit beyond Lead, South Dakota, and were gone from July 5th to September 4th. I had five appointments on September 5th and kept them! We burned 287 gallons of gas, which cost all the way from 13c to 36c per, and I lost a

dollar when I bet my wife a few minutes before we got home that we would not do more than 5731 miles. That old speed clock turned another eighth about ten feet from the driveway! We passed cars from thirty-five states and drove over parts of all of the following roads: Mohawk Trail, Million Dollar Highway, Daniel Boone Trail, Lincoln Highway, Rainbow Trail, Custer Battlefield

Ames, Rock Valley to Sioux Falls (South Dakota), Mitchell, Woonsocket; from there to Chamberlain, across the Missouri to Kadoka, and through the Bad Lands; on to Rapid City, to Sturgis, over Whitewood Hill, sometimes called Fourteen Mile Hill, right in the Black Hills, to Deadwood, South Dakota, three miles almost all the way in low to Lead and then on to the Wyoming line. We came



A three-day stop

Highway, Sunshine Highway, Black and Yellow Trail, Grant Highway, Washington Highway, Canonball Highway and the Lion's Highway.

The trip, should anybody want it for a guide some day, was from Cambridge to North Adams, Mass., Albany, N. Y., Rochester, N. Y.; then to Medina and on to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Erie, Pa., and Cleveland, Ohio; then to Toledo, South Bend, Chicago; then Joliet, (Ill.) Ottawa, Burlington (Iowa), Fairfield, Des Moines,

back about the same route, stopping at different places.

We ate in hotels, boarding houses, restaurants, at the homes of cousins and friends, out of our hands, out of tin cans, off paper plates, out of berry boxes and on newspapers. It took just six and one-half days of actual elapsed time to drive from Cambridge, Mass., to Burlington, Iowa, on the Mississippi River and we were all able to walk (also to sit) when we got there. The distance is 1361 miles. There, you algebra-brained

number-hunters, that is all you'll get!

I was brought up in Burlington, but had not been home for twenty-eight years, and of course my wife and kids had never seen the place. I pride myself on my memory. I drove just as straight to the house as if I had been there the day before—and even Burlington had changed some in twenty-eight years. I did have a little difficulty coming over the bridge, however. You see the Father of Waters is about a mile wide at Burlington, and the bridge is high on account of navigation. Well, naturally, I was glad to be back, so when we had gotten about half-way over, I began to share my joy with the rest and, to make it interesting, I gave what one might call a sightseeing lecture. That is, I began to do that.

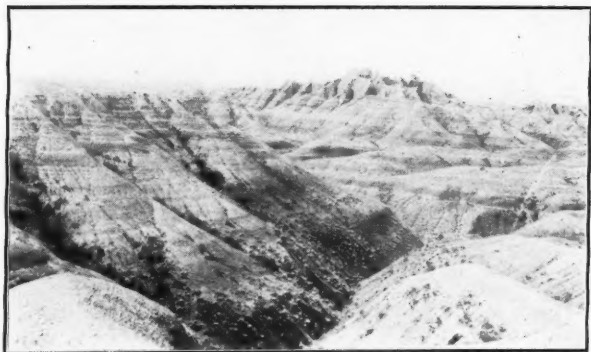
"Will you please keep at least one hand on the wheel and not dump us all in the river?" came from the rear seat. . . .

Well, we got almost off the bridge when a man with one short leg and a face like a peck of limes ran out of a little house with a yell that must have been heard back in Cambridge and began to chase us. I stopped. It was a hot day, and I wasn't sore at him. He acted like a drunk to whom I gave somnoform once back in the old days, only the drunk quit after he had wrecked the place and this guy did not want to quit ever, so it seemed. And it was all so silly—all he wanted was for me to pay toll! How should I know? True,

there was a sign, but there is a limit to the number of things that even a dentist can do at one time.

We cousined most of the way. Ever cousin any? It's great! Of course every man thinks that his wife is the most wonderful woman on earth—at times. So is mine! But for owning cousins I claim for her the championship of the universe. That woman has more cousins than Dr. J. Leon Williams has ideas, and that's going some, you'll admit. She has cousins in Cambridge, in New Hampshire, in Maine, in Iowa, in South Dakota, in California, in heaven, in—well, she had two in Bermuda, but they've moved; yes, and she's got one in . . . , but I believe, come to think of it, he's out now; it was only an appendix so I guess he's better, but really it's a cinch to cousin with her!

We stayed in Burlington a week, in Fairfield the same, a day in Des Moines, and then on to South Dakota. I wish I could tell you about that first Sunday night supper on that Dakota ranch, sixteen miles from Woonsocket. Oh, boy! Chicken and friendship, pie and stories, for, you see, these same Dakota folks had gone from Cambridge out to the West, which was really West then, over thirty years ago. The stars came out, the kids went to bed and still we talked. Tired? We didn't have time—too busy! One cousin of my wife's, to whom Uncle Bill telephoned, came sixty miles to see her. It was the first meeting in thirty years.



Bad Lands, South Dakota

For a week we rested, went visiting, rode horseback, drove tractors, shot jack-rabbits—it was wonderful! Then Uncle Bill said, "Bad Lands and Black Hills." Go? I'll say we did! On to Chamberlain, across the "Big Muddy" and to Kadoka on the edge of the Bad Lands.

The Bad Lands! You cannot describe them. Untold miles of hills and valleys of the most

beautiful fairyland, beautiful but somber and awful; color and dullness, beauty and barren waste, a dead world, most of it. The Custer Battlefield Highway cuts the end of it, but the best bet is the Washington Highway, which trails sixty-five miles across its barren desolation through and over Cedar Pass. My kids know now why the Sioux could hide from the soldier and why the horse thief could live



An abandoned cyclone-cellar, with Bad Lands in the distance

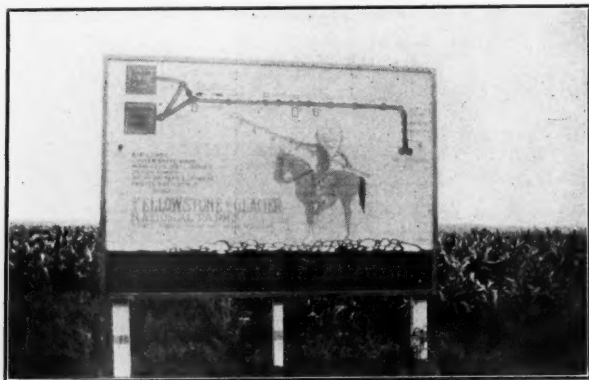


In the Bad Lands. The rest of the town, a chicken-coop, was on the other side of the road.

if he had friends to feed him, for any length of time, out of reach of the law.

Then on to Rapid City, with a stop there to let the kids play on the public golf course kept for the tourists. Folks are glad to see you out there and treat the stranger well. Then on to Sturgis, the "Scooptown" of the Wild West days, where Mrs. M. had another

cousin. Trout for breakfast! Caught right back of the house at the base of the mountain and in sight of Bear Butte. Later to Deadwood, the story-town of the West, over splendid gravel roads that in Wild Bill's time were the route of the wagon trains that kept in food the searchers for the yellow metal for which men risk all. Yes, we went to his grave. Stopped a



The beginning of Custer Battlefield Highway



Tourists' camp, Sturgis, S. D.

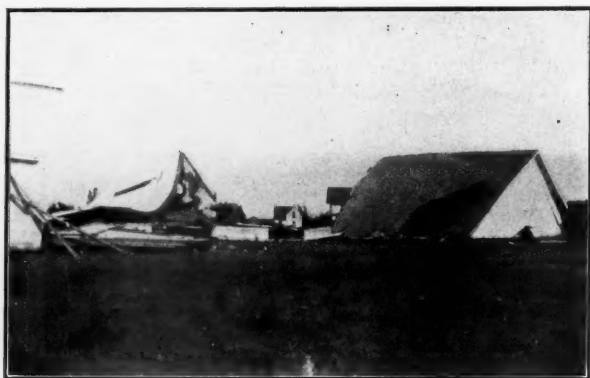
minute at the last resting place of Calamity Jane. Each of those characters is worth a book, but this must be short.

On to Lead, the home of the Home Stake mine. Year after year they take out the gold, and still there is more. They have never found the mother lode. It's all low-grade ore so far, but some of the big fortunes of the country had their beginning there. Then

the quick dash to the Wyoming line and face about, for I had five appointments on September 5th, remember. Gosh, what a memory! Miles and miles of wonderful roads, cities and country, jack-rabbit tenderloin and fried chicken, dear new-found friends and the renewal of old schooltime acquaintances. Gee! I could write a book—I nearly have! Are we going again? I'll tell a news-



"Wild Bill's"—James Butler Hickok's—grave, Deadwood, S. D.

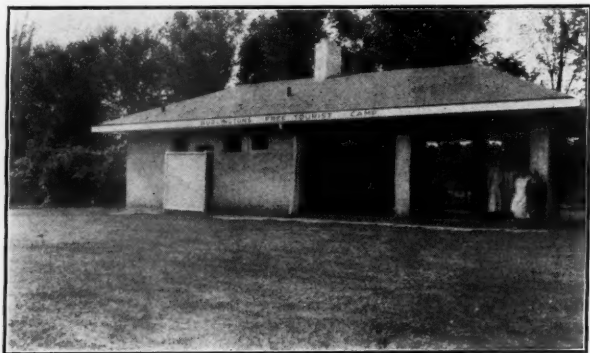


This was a barn before the cyclone

hungry world! We can't go this summer because some of those cousins are going to get even and come to us. One of the party who is coming has never seen a trolley car, but she has seen the sunset on a Dakota prairie, the stars shine in the boundless spaces, lived through hurricanes, one of which we missed by a week but of whose effect we got pictures, and she has

fought and coaxed the big outdoors since she was born. So I guess a trolley car won't scare her. Oh, boy, what memories!

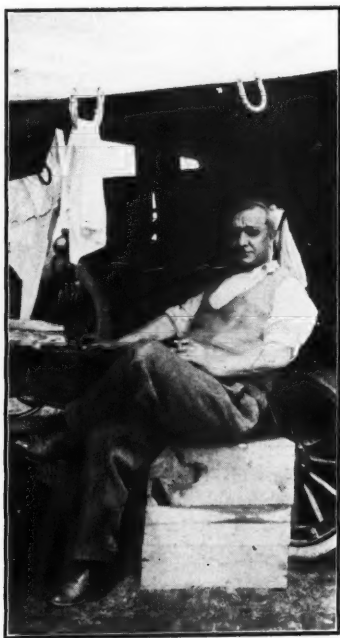
What did it cost? Write and ask me. I'll not desecrate the telling of the story by reducing it to a dollar basis. But I'll tell you this—it will cost less if you camp, and every town west of the Mississippi has a public campground.



Tourists' camp, Crapo Park, Burlington, Iowa. Gas and coal stoves, showers, etc., free



This cost \$3.75 per night.



I should worry—about teeth!

"Going to camp with us tonight?" the merchant will ask you as you buy your supplies, the same supplies in the same kind of cans that you get at home. They are glad

it is cheaper still if you have plenty of cousins. If you're short on that, write the wife. She will introduce you to some of hers. They will be glad to see you if you tell them



One good pal

to see you. Safe for the wife and kids? Just as safe as they would be in your overcoat pocket, brother, and safer than on the streets of half of our cities. And

that you know her. There is one dentist at least who has a wife who is a wonderful pal; only she likes to have him keep his tongue still until he gets over the bridge!

678 Massachusetts Avenue.



Togo's "Discursions"

Mr. Editor of Dental Magazine Requiring some Digestion.

Hon. Sir:

Month of June are noted for weddings and strawberries, both occurrences frequently producing rash results of great annoyance to parties indulging in same.

Results Mr. Editor are often things which people know about but hope to avoid by making slight detour around dangerous territory at future date of some remoteness.

"Impossible of accomplishment though often desirable" is comment of rudimentary Japanese intelligence.

Month of June also denotes outbreak of Annual Vacation Season now being indulged in by Vox Populi & other residents in increasing amounts on all sides.

Vacations Mr. Editor resemble automobiles, airplanes and other etc. in being product of higher civilization. Reasons for unsuspected fact as noted are easily located when looked for and contain principally following ingredients.

In far off times of sufficient remoteness hunting, fishing, climbing, fighting were experienced by all men able to remain above ground while indulging in activities enumerated as part of daily life full of action & free from routine. Vacations at such period of human development were unnecessary because practically continuous. Leader of Stone Age 400

after chasing antelope for slightly less than 27 miles in order to enjoy overdue noonday luncheon had no need of delightful and exhilarating exercise afforded by mountain climbing or tennis in order to enjoy fine appetite for dinner.

Play spirit and work necessity were hopelessly one and question of "When do we eat?" enjoyed intimate relation to "How fast can we run?"

Sad changes accompanied by dinner suits and bathrooms may now be noted on all sides & vacations are second in importance only to automobiles and radio sets. Jobs now clamoring for attention are same set of motions being made at quitting time of Sat. P.M. as started at polite invitation of whistle on Monday morning. All jobs from White House to White Wings now consist of Routine in excess quantities; deplorable fact just divulged calls for vacations at regular intervals in order to preserve slight traces of sanity still surviving in scattered localities.

Remoteness of man's ancestry plus complete changes in living witnessed in last 100 years are forces operating in peculiar nature of human beings to produce all disturbances now noticed in form of crime waves, permanent waves, petting parties, hooch hounds, unenclosed bodies for flappers &

other startling phenomena now encountered on every hand.

Scientists indulging in extensive excavating and equal amount of high gear reasoning have pieced together astonishing facts regarding submerged history of humanity extending back one quarter to one half million years, during which elongated period animal now called man enjoyed life on basis of complete freedom but continual danger. Juggernaut called Civilization has constantly bestowed on helpless victims increasing amounts of safety in exchange for large slices of freedom. As result of remorseless swap, above noted mankind is becoming exceedingly uneasy but mostly utterly helpless; life & habits of cave man continue to be attractive theories but when practiced land indulger in booby hatch or penitentiary with uniform and discouraging certainty.

Endless monotony of jobs necessitated by modern wireless existence produces violent dissatisfaction in all brains of 22 calibre or over. Outlets must be found if possible for ancient racial traits of struggle, adventure, freedom, combat & other deleterious substances which still constitute largest part of so-called brains of humanity.

Vacations act as safety valve for relief of pressures caused by 1-room apartments, childless marriages, easy divorce, subways, charity drives, piece work, clogged transportation facilities & other phenomena composing symphony called Modern Life.

Civilization Mr. Editor are terrible and complicated process which at present moment enjoys monotonous record of having destroyed every race with which it became intimately associated. Considerable question now up for consideration is "Will excess of Soul destroying Routine at present necessary in all departments of Modern Life do likewise?—and if so how soon?"

Vacations Mr. Editor may not be complete answer to all problems produced by modern existence of High Pressure Intensity; however when taken in proper form at suitable intervals they greatly alleviate sufferings of unfortunate victims of intense conflict now raging between age old longing for freedom & adventure & safe but tiresome Routine of Modern Daily Existence.

Hoping you are the same,

Togo.



Seventh International Dental Congress

Philadelphia, Pa., August 23-27, 1926

The hours not occupied by the Seventh International Dental Congress in Philadelphia next August in deliberations and official transactions will find the delegates almost overwhelmed with a program of entertainment and diversion. This program, which is rapidly nearing completion, is being arranged by the Entertainment Committee of the Philadelphia Committee of Arrangements. It is most broad in its appeal. Not only will it afford diversion and social relaxation to the fifteen to twenty thousand delegates who will attend the Congress, but it will give them educational and professional contact.



INDEPENDENCE HALL

Where the Declaration of Independence was signed, July 4, 1776. Built between the years 1732 and 1741, the building has been restored to its original condition by the city of Philadelphia. Independence Hall is the mecca of thousands of visitors.

Besides the Sesquicentennial International Exposition, there will be more than sufficient to keep the delegates busy during the hours the Congress is not in actual session.

For sightseeing, Philadelphia is exceptionally endowed. Being the birthplace of the nation, it has a wealth of historic interest, especially if the visitor be an American of patriotic instinct and a student of the history of his country. He will avail himself of the chance to view Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, the Betsy Ross house, Benjamin Franklin's grave, Carpenters' Hall, where met the First Congressional Congress; historic Germantown, Valley Forge and other revered spots almost without number. The Philadelphia hosts of the Dental Congress



THE LIBERTY BELL

The bell reposes in a glass case in Independence Hall. It is twelve feet in circumference around the lip and seven feet six inches around the crown. It rang to announce the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

are completing plans for tours of all these historic spots during Congress week.

These places and relics hallowed by the nation's history are actually the focal points of the Sesquicentennial celebration which Philadelphia and the nation is observing this summer. The Sesquicentennial signifies the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Many individual events of this all-summer historic



BETSY ROSS HOUSE

The home of the seamstress to whom Washington and his colleagues went to have the flag fashioned which now flies over the nation they founded. The ancient little domicile of Betsy Ross is preserved in its original condition as a national relic.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE

House in which the commander of the Continental Army lived while his army encamped there in the winter of 1777-1778. It has been restored and is maintained as a museum and as part of the public reservation.

celebration will include these spots in their ceremonies and, as the events will be in full course in August, the Dental Congress delegates will find diversion in these.

President Coolidge will open the Dental Congress and during his stay in the city for that purpose will participate in events identified with the historic anniversary.

An important sightseeing trip which has been arranged for the visitors is to Valley Forge, where, in the Winter of 1777-1778, the Continental Army, under General Washington, endured rigor and privation, when the war of Revolution was at its lowest ebb. This trip is through a score of miles of beautiful country, everywhere replete with historic association. Sightseeing busses and automobiles will convey the dentists who elect to take the trip.

A stopping place on this trip will be the fine Gothic chapel erected



WASHINGTON INN AT VALLEY FORGE

Ancient hostelry on the historic camping ground of the Continental Army provides for the refreshment of thousands of motorists who visit the spot.

on Valley Forge's hallowed ground by patriotic societies and citizens in tribute to the heroic Continental Army. Ladies of the societies which undertake the maintenance of this architecturally and patriotically remarkable fane will serve luncheon to the dental visitors in a grove adjoining the chapel.

Another trip will be to Kennett Square, a spot famed in song and story and in history, the journey to which lies through immortalized country, as witness Bayard Taylor's *The Story of Kennett*. The objective point on this trip will be the wonderfully laid-out estate of Pierre S. duPont, famed for its botanical gardens and landscape effects, and here the visitors will be Mr. duPont's guests at tea.

There will be a trip to Atlantic City, the famous "playground of the world," which is an hour's ride from Philadelphia. The special train will leave in the afternoon and return to Philadelphia that night,



WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Imposing monument erected at the entrance to Fairmount Park by the Society of the Cincinnati. It cost \$250,000 and is remarkable for the fine symbolism of the sculptured groups surrounding the central figure, an equestrian presentation of the "Father of his Country."

so that the delegates may attend the Congress session the next day. Arrangements will be made for stop-overs by those who desire, and there will be trips to the resort after the adjournment of the Congress. Atlantic City, the most cosmopolitan resort in the world, frequently accommodates more than half a million sojourners.

Drives through Fairmount Park, one of the largest public pleasure grounds in the world, will also be included in the entertainment itinerary. In Fairmount Park not only is there combined the beauty of nature in its primeval state with the most ambitious effort of the landscape engineer, but the park has numerous historic spots. The